

Bound by
T. Hookham
New
Bond Street.

W. L. 37
old novel



James Bonnell Esq.

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A
T R I P
TO
W E R M O U T H,

A NOVEL,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

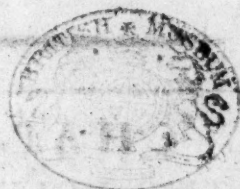
VOL. I,

L O N D O N :

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1790.

WESTMOUTH
A NOVEL
IN FIVE VOLUMES
BY
J. H. P.



I have not taken my second copy of
this notwithstanding the third proof.
I have which Dr. Arnold, my physician,
has solemnly laid on the use of this drug.
I have, in those days of my life,
and I have been to the same place
in an economical management of the
household, and which, for me,
I have been to the same place.

A
T R I P
TO
W E R M O U T H.

CHAP. I.

I Had just taken my second cup of tea, notwithstanding the strict prohibition which Dr. Arnold, my physician, had solemnly laid on the use of that fragrant exotic, in those slips or negligencies which dame Nature is sometimes guilty of in her œconomical management of the human frame, and which, for want of a clearer definition, the sons of Esculapius

VOL. I.

B

have

have agreed to range, pell mell, under the term of Nervous Spasms or Disorders. I say, I had just taken my second cup of tea, lolling in my easy chair, when the doctor himself entered the room.

“By the beard of Chiron,” exclaimed the old gentleman, resting his right hand on the top of a gold-headed cane—

By the way, some arch wags have asserted, that in this appendage of dress, the principal store of medical skill is often deposited. Others again will have it to lie in a well dressed full bottom'd wig. For my part, I rather incline to the former opinion, from a notion that so subtle an essence would be apt to evaporate with the effluvia of powder and pomatum. But then, on the other hand, it puzzles me, to conceive how such a prodigious extent of ideas can be

be comprized within so small a compass as the head of a walking-cane: tho' 'tis true that abstracted ideas, by long association, will become of the complex kind; and this, to be sure, accounts for the thing; otherwise, I can't for my life conceive how it could possibly be effected.

Now while I was debating this point within myself, and turning it every way that I could think on, the Doctor stood transfix'd in the attitude of astonishment.

“By the beard of Chiron,” reiterated he, “you are the most indocile being that ever exercised the equanimity of a physician's temper! That infusion, Sir, which, contrary to all rule, you resolve to swallow, must infallibly mangle every effect of the *Materia Medica*, nay (continued he, growing still warmer on the subject) it is beyond the compass of the

whole college to counteract the pernicious nature of that deleterious leaf in such an universal debility of the animal system as constitutes your case. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that there is not a single nerve in your whole body that is not as relaxed as an unstrung bow: nothing but that amazing restorative I have prescribed can possibly invigorate the tone of so debilitated a machine; and then to have all its salutary qualities destroyed by an obstinate—

In the midst of the Doctor's harangue, the foot-boy brought in the newspaper. Curiosity impelled me to reach out my hand to receive it with somewhat of eagerness in the motion; but as the Doctor had just demonstrated the intire relaxation of my whole nervous system, I suffered it to drop enervated into its former position, namely, that of a horizon-

tal

tal inclination along the back of the easy chair.

“D—l take the tea,” cried the Doctor, peevishly.

“When it has neither cream or sugar,” I-rejoin’d.

The Doctor took the paper, and began to read the occurrences of the day. “We hear that their Majesties, &c. will set out to-morrow for Weymouth.”

“Then,” cried I (rising and springing forward with alacrity) “I will go thither myself.”

“Are you insane, Sir?” said my venerable companion, gravely; “neither sea-water or sea-air would be proper for you. I am perfectly convinced, that the acute angles of the saline particles

contained in both, would be highly injurious to the present delicate texture of your nerves. Bathing indeed, has been approved by the ancients, but then it was in the use of the fresh spring bath: the Romans knew its utility, and therefore had their baths along the course of their public roads; and among the modern Turks, no doubt this custom, which indeed their religion enjoins, contributes to render them so remarkably vigorous and robust. The fresh bath, my dear Sir, will, in concert with my medicines, facilitate your recovery above any other measure."

This convinced me that the Doctor's ideas were chiefly of the complex kind: what occasion had he otherwise to have jumbled those of Weymouth and bathing together? For my part, I declare, they had no sort of connection in my brain.

'I would

“I would not (said I firmly) immerge this emaciated frame of mine in the fountain of Hypocrene, provided it stood open : no, Doctor, the place, the company, fire my views. Do you not plainly perceive, that the presence of the royal visitors will constitute Weymouth at once the meridian of joy, beauty, and elegance ?”

“A valetudinarian has no business with those.”

“Yes, but he has : it would be impossible, my dear Sir, to breathe an atmosphere that reverberates with the plaudits of loyalty and joy, without feeling ourselves recovered from every malady.”

“Well, Sir, if the undertaker conveys you hither again, I hope the world will acquit me.”

Had a spectre stood before me at the midnight hour, as it gleamed in the dim twilight of Brutus's solitary camp, and in a hollow voice cried, "I'll meet thee at Weymouth," I could not have felt a more universal chillness, than at that moment seized me. What (thought I) must such a vivid picture of life as I have just been sketching, vanish into the gloomy escutcheons which an undertaker shall be pleased to hang around my hearth! Every nerve trembled at the thought.

"It cannot be," said I faintly, and falling into the same attitude in which I had before reclined.

"It is impossible," rejoined the Doctor, peremptorily.

"Nay, for the matter of that, (added I with an air of indifference) I think these

these things beneath the regard of a wise man. What are the scenes which your fashionable watering places exhibit? Vanity! the lowest species of it. I allow indeed, that the royal presence must diffuse the most lively joy through every honest breast, while it operates as an inducement to the moral and social virtues, which are no where so conspicuous as round the British throne: but then, the lustre of royalty has ever been shunned by the philosophic mind.'

Here was heroism, my dear reader. I only wish, both for the world's sake and my own, that the genius to whose lot it shall fall to record the history of my life, had been present when I uttered that speech: what an immense benefit must it have proved to posterity; not but that as every shining character has its snarlers, there may be some cynical souls will attribute this my noble contempt of
pursuits,

puruits, which the world so much admires, to the same principle as is delineated in the fable of the Fox and Grapes. No matter, I maintain my philosophy to be of the right genuine sort; a remnant of the true attic stock; and I shall not fail to value myself upon it.

CHAP. II.

SOON after the Doctor's departure, my cousin Sarah returned from a visit she had been making in the neighbourhood; and while she was taking off her hat and cloak, very cordially enquired how I felt myself.

‘Worse and worse,’ replied I, with a most desponding shake of the head.

“ Well-

“Well-a-day!” exclaimed my sympathetic relation, with a sigh.

There is nothing so endearing to the human mind as sympathy: yet there are cases when it tends rather to augment an evil, than diminish it. So it proved at present; for the sigh which accompanied my cousin's exclamation, implying a conviction of the truth of what I had asserted, and was a tacit acknowledgment of the advancement of my malady, acted on my pulse in much the same manner as a cold atmosphere does on the thermometer: nay, I could feel no pulse at all, and should have entertained some doubts of my real respiration, had not a recollection of Weymouth, darting across my brain, caused them to vibrate with accelerated motion.

“I should like it of all things,” said I.

Well-

My

My cousin happened at that moment to be stroking a large grey owl, which she had taught to follow her all over the house. With all due reverence to the sage goddess, to whom it was dedicated, be it spoken, I think it was one of the ugliest creatures I ever beheld. Now the soliloquy I had just uttered was so very opportune, that she could suppose nothing less than that it expressed a desire of her favourite bird; therefore with infinite good nature she arose, and putting it on my hand, said,

“To be sure I doat on the charming creature; nevertheless, cousin Joseph, it is heartily at your service.”

“Pshaw,” cried I, with more peevishness than the intended obligation demanded, “I mean, I should like a trip to Weymouth; you doubtless know that their Majesties are shortly to be there?”

“Yes,

"Yes, yes," with a certain vivacity of accent, "I have heard so, and I do think, cousin Joseph, an excursion thither would be of infinite service to you."

"But the Doctor is of a different opinion."

"What signifies that! If I have any judgment," with a look of self-importance, "such a jaunt would do you more good than all the drugs in the world. You are hypochondriac, Cousin; and what with the exercise of the journey, and the variety of objects you would meet with there, your malady would wear off."

"I think so too," in somewhat a brisker tone of voice than had of late been natural to me; "and I wish, Cousin, you would see about packing me off."

I posi-

I positively will go, in spite of all the doctors in the kingdom.'

Had I used the first person plural, instead of the first person singular, it would certainly have pleased my Cousin much better: she looked a little grave for a moment or two.

"I have been thinking," resumed she, "that it will be impossible for you to sit in the chaise unsupported."

'A couple of cushions will do the business, Cousin Sarah.'

"How ridiculous, cushions! why they would be perpetually sinking down; no support at all, I assure you. — No, no, somebody must absolutely go along with you."

I could not be at a loss to discern the drift of my Cousin's suggestion; but the scheme

scheme of including her in the jaunt, was what I had not once thought of. What, go to Weymouth, thought I, with such an antiquated figure at my elbow! not that there had been so much in it neither, had the degree of consanguinity, which subsists between us, been that of Aunt and Nephew, rather than of First Cousins; but though my worthy relation was some eighteen or twenty years older than myself, the world would perhaps hardly be brought to allow the difference; notwithstanding the smartness of my toupee and degagee air, it would pronounce my age somewhat approximate to hers: besides, she has an ugly habit of crying out, *Cousin Joseph*, at every two or three syllables; now did she use the appellation of Cousin Joe, it would not carry so much the stamp of antiquity. Ye gods, cried I to myself, how should I be mortified, when 'squirring half a dozen Belles along the parade, I should

I should hear myself accosted as Cousin Joseph ! Another thing, I had been accustomed to see this good lady superintending my house, and presiding at my table almost as long as I possessed the faculty of memory ; to take her with one to so fashionable a place—why I might as well place the old house clock by my side !

Thou art a pitiful fellow, Joseph Treadlight, cried Conscience (hitting me a most confounded slap on the face) here wouldst thou greedily partake of pleasures thyself, from which thou wouldst exclude this good soul, to whom thou art indebted for the comforts of a clean and well-order'd house, a good table, and the many æconomical conveniences, which render thy being comfortable to thee ; and which, without the assistance of female talents, thou must have been without. Thou deservest to
live

live in all the uncomfortable irregularity of a bachelor's life for thy ingratitude.

‘Cousin Sarah,’ said I, ‘if it was not for that alarming cough of yours, I would request—

“A change of air,” replied she, briskly,
“will be the only thing to remove it.”

‘May I perish, then, if I offer a single syllable to oppose it. We will set out together as soon as possible.’

The matter being thus determined on, perfectly to the satisfaction of both parties, my cousin withdrew to give some family orders for the purpose. As soon as I was alone, it occurred to me that the antiquated style of that good Lady's dress would probably be matter of chagrin to a well dress'd beau : for tho', in the article of dress, she seldom over-

looked expence and magnificence, the airy elegance of the presentation was certainly but little attended to in the business of the toilette. On the contrary, every thing in her habit bore the exact stamp of that year in which his Majesty of Denmark honoured our island with his presence: at which period my Cousin, somewhat more blooming than at the present era of 90, passed a considerable time in the metropolis; and, according to her own testimony, was then a celebrated toast. How to introduce the subject of a reformation in this important point, without giving umbrage to her pride or delicacy, was a question of no small moment. There is an ingenious device often used with good success, when it is intended to give advice, or convey rebuke; I mean, the including ourselves in the censure we pass on any fault or impropriety in another; this considerably takes off from the acerbity of the latter: my pulse beat to the

acerbity of the satire ; and 'tis possible, by this means, one may avoid incurring the absolute hatred of the party. Pursuant to this method, I began as follows :

My last new coat, cousin Sarah, is lent vilely ; nay, I have not a suit proper to appear in before genteel company ; it would not be amiss, if both you and I stopp'd at some decent place to rest, before our arrival at Weymouth ; for really, unless our respective wardrobes are made to undergo a thorough reform, we shall appear like a couple of Antediluvians.

My Cousin was diverted at the idea, and seemed perfectly to coincide with the proposal. This difficulty got over, but Weymouth not absolutely settled, I felt myself rapidly regain both health and spirits, or rather, I suspect the former was only demonstrated by the revival of the latter : my pulse beat to the

tone of an equal temperament, and, to my astonishment, I found myself enabled to raise my arms to my head; an attempt which, five hours before, I deem'd utterly impracticable. In a word, I was so much recover'd by the time supper was on the table, as to eat nearly a whole chicken, drank three glasses of Madeira, and retired to rest in perfect good humour with all the world.

CHAP. III.

WHEN the morning appointed for the commencement of our journey arrived, my Cousin, all hilarity, appear'd in a new riding dress. I thought there was too much juvenility in her dress; it put me in mind of those efforts which luxury inspires, of adorning the rigours of winter with the bloom of spring, or forcing nature to invert her order,

order, and yield the products of June or July to grace our tables during the dreary months of December and January. But why indulge so cynical a humour, friend Joseph? which, like the jaundiced eye, sees every object through a discoloured medium, and consequently misses above half the satisfactions which are scatter'd up and down this motley vale of life. Wherever thou perceivest the attempt to please, take it as it is, and suffer thyself to be pleas'd with the endeavour.

Such were the self-condemnatory suggestions of my own breast, at the time I handed my Cousin into the carriage. We both seated ourselves with that self-complacent air, which seldom fails to animate the countenances of those who are at liberty to please themselves in the gratification of their favourite whims and pursuits. I can't stop, Sir, to attend to your argument; see, the horses are just setting off. I know you mean to give

a flat contradiction to what I have this moment suggested, by telling me, that this power of gratification is not always productive of self-complacency. Well, well, some other time we may discuss the point; at present I am in haste—Crack goes the postillion's whip, and off we bowl, Jehu like.

It would have cost a Stoic, with all his apathy, some pains to have repressed the emotion of risibility, had he been present at our breakfast scene on the morning of our departure, to have beheld my Cousin seated in the old easy chair covered with tapestry, surrounded with all her group of favourites and dependants. On one arm of that ancient piece of furniture perched the bird of Minerva; on the other a squirrel; each apparently rivalling one another in their mistress's favour: in a suppliant posture at her feet were the dog and cat, rever-

rally

rally demanding some token of regard. These animals, however contrary in their respective natures, had been long accustomed to live together in a state of perfect union, such as one may suppose to have been the case in paradise, ere the rational animal Man had taught the irrational to fight and destroy each other. After they had all by turns received a tender, caress from their kind patroness, they were, with much solemnity, recommended by her to the care of the steward and housekeeper.

Towards the decline of the same day we reached Salisbury Plain, and had the pleasure of viewing that venerable remain of druidical antiquity call'd Stonehenge. It was a most beautiful evening; the sun descending to the verge of the horizon, darted his oblique beams thro' the interstices of those stupendous masses; the hour, the scene, tended to

favour meditations of the most serious kind. I felt a secret awe pervade my soul: 'where,' cried I, interrupting the pause of silent admiration, which had been excited both in my Cousin and myself, 'where are now the hands which rear'd this enormous fabric? Revolving ages have seen the tufted grass annually springing over their oblivious dust; but by what mechanical aids were they enabled to elevate bodies of such ponderous bulk? Archimedes was never known to them; they knew no arts but such as nature, in her utmost simplicity, inspires.'

My Cousin desir'd we might take a walk round the wonderful fabric. After minutely examining the exact equilibrium with which the transverse stones, of most amazing size, are pois'd on their supporters, yet so as to be moveable by

the slightest touch, we sat down on a dis-
jointed stone hard by. I felt a little kind.
“And what,” said my companion,
“is your opinion of this most ancient
curiosity?”
“You know,” replied I, “that it is
generally supposed to have been de-
sign’d as a temple, sacred to the Pagan
idolatry of our ancestors; but, were it
not presumptuous in me to offer an opi-
nion contrary to the establish’d one of
the learned, I would say, that I rather
suppose it to have been intended for a
monumental record, both of some sig-
nal victory and the memory of those war-
riors who fell in the contest. Those
mounds, call’d barrows, which you see
encircle it, are known to be the graves
of some distinguish’d persons, by the urns
and war-like weapons, at different times
discover’d in them, which, to me, affords
room

room for a very probable conjecture; that these prodigious stones were erected here for the purpose I have mention'd.

“Your idea,” said my Cousin, “seems to have probability on its side: a friend of mine was of a similar one, who obliged me with a few poetical lines, occasioned by a morning ride near this spot: I believe I have them in my pocket-book,” added she, presenting them to me — as I am determined to do to the reader.

STONEHENGE.

A FRAGMENT.

THY plains, On Wiltshire, to the eye presents
The various gifts which Pan or Ceres yields:
Thy rising hills with fleecy flocks are crown'd,
More white than those which rang'd the brow of
Ide,
Or Tempe's blooming vale. While all around
The fragrant herbage, to the air emits
Scents more delicious than from Hybla's hill.
The active bee stole her mellifluous store

To form her cate meet for high thund'ring Jove;
 While on thy picturesque declivities,
 Rich yellow crops of ripen'd corn invites
 The cheerful reaper to the rural toil.

O'er thy blue downs young zephyrs plume their
 wings,

T'abate the ardours of the sultry day.

Rich scene! replete with all which nature's lap
 Profusely scatters o'er a smiling world:

There, as the trav'ler bends his various course,
 If aught of rural beauty charm his eye,

He feels diffus'd the vernal joy; his soul

Is wafted far on pure devotion's wing,

To the Supreme Creative Hand on high.

Oft at the ev'ning hour the humid air

Resounds the cheerful voice of Melody,

Re-echoing from the happy group of swains

Who move attendant on their master's steps

To banquet at the social board, which yields

A free, yet simple solace to their toil.

So in the pristine ages, ere mankind

For luxury had barter'd innocence,

The patriarchs led their happy virtuous train,

Strangers alike to sorrow or to guile:

Then had not Avarice, with horrors deep,

Scatter'd her venom o'er the moral world;

But all was peace, where no foul passion rag'd.

To lead the wish beyond the cottage pale—
 Thrice happy they who wisely still disdain
 To yield th' eternal mind a captive, base
 To sordid love of treasures from the mine.
 That soul which nourishes the thirst of gold
 Is held in chains :—than adamant more strong,
 While brooding o'er the shining heap, she sits
 Apart from ev'ry social joy, nor knows
 The bliss which waits the philanthropic mind.

But what is yonder fabric which incites
 The fix'd attention of th' excursive eye?
 Stonehenge!—whose simple yet august remains,
 Inspires the wond'ring sage with anxious zeal,
 T' explore the secrets of time's dark abyss,
 And thence to fix thy oblivious era.
 How dost thou mock the antiquarian's skill,
 T' affix thy date ; or say, for what design'd?
 Whether a sacred fane thy structure rose,
 Appropriate to the rites of pagan worship,
 Or to the manes of the illustrious dead?
 Thy rugged form a grateful people rear'd
 Amid the spot, where many a grassy mound
 Marks out the warrior's venerable dust.
 Here as I tread thy circular extent,
 Surprise and awe enchain the wond'ring soul
 To solemn thought—to prior ages, swept
 Deep within the bosom of oblivion.

Save those faint lights which the unletter'd bard T
 In song preserv'd, song simple, yet sublime, T
 Does fancy sketch th'ideal scene, or does T
 My eye ev'n now discern the awful shades T
 Of heroes kindling at the shout of war: T
 Of legions martial'd on th'extended plain, T
 Fir'd with the sacred flame which thou of old, T
 Ev'n from the dawn of time, Oh Liberty ! T
 Enkindlest in thy own, thy fav'rite isle ; T
 And taught her sons with ardent zeal to fan, T
 Ere the proud Roman had descry'd her cliffs, T
 Cover'd with warriors ; who, unclad in steel, T
 Dar'd bid defiance to the bird of Jove ? T
 And still, fair Goddess, may thy brightest beam T
 Shine unextinguish'd—on our Albion shine, T
 Till time's revolving course shall be no more ! T

Stupendous pile, whose form no traces yield T
 Of pointed chissel, or the sculptor's art ; T
 Yet with unpolish'd pride disdains it all, T
 Long hast thou stood to time's devouring hand, T
 Superior 'bove the strife of elements, T
 The rolling thunder, or the lightning's flash, T
 While high-rais'd domes, on attic pillars built, T
 Moulder in dust, and on a level sink T
 With the rude base of an inglorious cot ! T
 While the proud arch in awful ruin lies, T
 And Greek and Roman labours are no more, T

The simple form, Oh Stonehenge! shall endure,
 Emblem expressive of the rude idea
 Which ignorant of order knew to form
 Of shapeless masses a surprising whole;
 Rugged, yet regular; artless, yet sublime
 To strike the awfully inspired mind
 With feelings 'bove the pow'r of utterance,
 And yet to distant ages shall declare
 The wond'rous labours of our British sires!

“With all my heart, it will be a terrible
 restful to the poor beasts.”

CHAP. IV.

“BLESS me,” cried I, “what a whirl
 we have made of it! Fifty - six
 miles in one day, for a couple of valetu-
 dinarians to accomplish!”

“’Tis too much,” she replied; “but
 it is the fashion, you know, for people
 to travel express.”

‘It

'It is folly,' I rejoined, 'to which gallops, whipping and spurring at their heels, or they would not exchange the comforts of ease and pleasurable leisure for the hardship and fatigue of travelling post; but that we may not be guilty of the same ridiculous error, let us repose a day at Salisbury, if you please, Cousin.'

"With all my heart, it will be a seasonable refreshment to the poor beasts."

'Twas a plausible pretext, by which my Cousin avoided the necessity of acknowledging herself fatigued with the journey. We love to be young as long as we can; nay, I think there is a sort of heroism in keeping the infirmities of age at a distance: for this reason I suppose it is that, altho' we feel, by certain indubitable, symptoms that we every day grow older; yet, by a becoming magnanimity,

nanimity, we keep the stubborn fact as much a secret as we can. My Cousin, I am convinced, felt the journey we had already made, in every bone of her skin, tho' it was only in consideration of the horses taking some repose that she apparently consented to pass the next day in that city. We sat down to a very good supper, drank a bottle of wine, which the landlady assured us was most excellent in its kind (I hate to give a person the lie in plain terms, especially if it happens to be one of the female sex) order'd a sack-poffet for myself, and retired to bed. *Item*, My cousin Sarah had privately order'd the same. Another thing I detest is, that of being suppos'd to know secrets which another wishes to conceal.

After breakfast the next morning, we sallied out to view the town; which, for cleanliness I believe, cannot be surpass'd

pass'd by any city in England (I won't answer for Holland) a small rivulet running through the streets, conduces to that end, as well as to that of health; two points more intimately connected than many people are aware of.

‘Hygeia is a cleanly wench,’ cried I aloud, forgetting that my companion was unacquainted with the subject of my reflections—My Cousin eyed me askance.

“Fye upon you, cousin Joseph,” exclaimed she, “’tis strange you can’t let the girls at an inn alone!”

This mistake threw me into a violent fit of laughter.

‘Oh you perverse stars!’ resum’d I, as soon as I could recover my breath, ‘will ye never have done with your ma-

lightly do will you browbeat a goddess
as ye sometimes do poor puny mortals?
Hygeia, divine Hygeia! art thou at
last degraded to a very chambermaid at
an inn!

(My Cousin heard my apostrophe with
silent surprize: I did not indeed suspect
the opinion she had entertained of it,
till I heard her whisper the footman to
run for a surgeon to let me bleed; per-
ceiving by this that she absolutely thought
me delirious, it occurred to me, for the
first time, that probably my Cousin might
not be sufficiently acquainted with the
heathen mythology, to know that Hy-
geia signifies the Goddess of Health, I
was under a necessity of setting her right
in that particular; after which we pro-
ceeded to the church:

Of which I acquired but very little
knowledge; the reason was, that we did

not

not enter it; the beadle was not to be found, and the beadle had got the keys.

So we took a walk round the close, so called I suppose, from a notion which formerly prevail'd, that the clergy (whose peculiar residence it doubtless then was) were fonder of retirement than any other men. Good luck! what odd ideas our forefathers entertain'd! That such an opinion really prevail'd among them, seems clear from many circumstances; as the erecting parsonage-houses in a retired spot, and the inclosing them round with thick and tall trees, &c. as if their inhabitants were to be actually abstracted from the pomps and vanities of the world, because they preach'd such a kind of doctrine; but it is the privilege of the present enlighten'd age to detect the vulgar errors and mistakes of the former.

“Salisbury, I think,” said my cousin, “gives title to a branch of the Cecil family.”

“You are perfectly right, Madam,” replied a voice which seemed to proceed from behind us. On looking back, over the left shoulder, I saw a courteous looking gentleman, apparently about fifty years of age, dress’d in a plain suit of drab. Such an indication of sociability I could not find in my heart to repulse; so making room for him to join us abreast, I paid him the compliments of the morning; which he returned in so pleasing a manner, as intirely interested me in his favour: the voice was set to the exact tone of urbanity; I am sure of it, for I have it still vibrating in my ears. My Cousin gave me a pinch, which I easily understood as a prudential caution, not to be too free with a stranger. I despised it; ’tis the very thing which renders

renders the English the most unsocial,
the most unurbane of any people.

After many entertaining observations on the part of the old gentleman, we reached the door of our inn. I know not by what involuntary impulse it was, but the words were actually got to the tip of my tongue before I thought on my good Cousin's cautionary hint; in spite of the frigidity of it, I actually gave the stranger a most cordial invitation to dine with us.

'That I will,' replied he readily; 'but it shall be at my own house; I entreat that you both accompany me hither, the distance is barely half a mile from the town, and partake of such a repast as my table affords.'

Had a proposal of marriage been offered my prudential relative, I doubt if

he could have received it with a more forbidding air.

"We will not refuse the civility, Cousin," said I; I have a violent inclination to cultivate a farther acquaintance with so much politeness and openness of temper."

The gentleman made me a slight bow.

"You will do me infinite pleasure," replied he.

There was nothing extraordinary in the assurance; one may meet with it every day; and had the lips only expressed it, it had been nothing at all. I read in the eyes of the courteous stranger a full corroboration of the sentiment; and these are the windows thro' which the feelings of the heart will sometimes

peep

peop out, however we may endeavour to restrain them. There was a time when their true and proper avenue was through the organs of articulation ; but I would no more expect to find them there in this age, than I should to meet thee, my beloved Eugenius, in the antichamber of the minister ; and I verily think no thirst of sinecure will ever lead thee thither.

Without seeming to notice the fullness which clouded every feature of my Cousin's face, I handed her into the chaise, determining to accompany my new acquaintance on foot to his hospitable mansion. The house was not large, but compact ; not superb, but elegant ; and every thing about it convey'd a very pleasurable idea : at the same time, I was unable exactly to define what it was ; it was neither the unwieldiness of magnificence, nor the cautious air of medi-

oority. Perhaps it was affluence ; — but then it was affluence directed by good sense, refinement, and moderation. The dinner was served perfectly in that style consisting only of two courses; but every thing was the best of its kind, and excellently cook'd : the sauces had not the pungency of an epicurean taste ; they seemed rather adapted to an unvitiated palate ; which, tho' not averse to the pleasures of a good table, yet chose to enjoy them without the expence of health. My Cousin was complimented with a seat at the head of the table, which sufficiently proved that it had no legal president. Whether it was that circumstance which affected the muscles of her face I don't know ; but the severity of her features gradually relax'd, and a smile of good humour enliven'd her whole air and countenance : the satisfaction we expressed in the entertainment of the day, naturally produced, on the

the part of our host, an invitation to repeat the visit on our return from Weymouth.

‘And by all the powers of conviviality,’ cried I, ‘I will do so!’

“My name is Danby,” resumed he: “after experiencing many an adverse turn thro’ the course of my life, I sit down at this day one of the happiest fellows in the universe; and the chief business of my life is, to procure friends and to enjoy them.”

This was sufficient to excite a more than feminine curiosity; which Mr. Danby perceiving, began as follows:

CHAP. V.

MY father, though possessed of a very considerable fortune, had form'd the resolution of bringing up his children to the knowledge of trade, or genteel profession; his whole offspring consisted only of myself, and one other son, who was four or five years older than me.

“My dear boys,” the good old gentleman would say, “the vicissitudes of life are many; the world, in which you are one day to become actors, is replete with vanity and disappointment. I sincerely wish you may know this truth only by theory; but as the most provident care on my part cannot secure you against the general condition of all mankind, I will do what I can to provide

you

you with a remedy against the many accidents and pecuniary misfortunes to which you may be exposed: to this end I have determined to apprentice you both to some trade or profession, the choice of which I leave to yourselves; by this means a resource against contingencies will be always in your power. My estate you will equally share at my decease; if your desires are moderate, it will afford you the means of competency and ease: but should nature have given you a vivacity of soul, which may lead you to aim at something superior to the moderate bounds which have always been the restraints of my own disposition and choice, trade opens to you an extensive field of emolument and exertion. The retirement I have ever loved may not be agreeable to your taste; I put in your power to reverse it whenever you desire. Go then, boys, deliberate on what I have said,

said, chuse your vocation, and let me know your determination when we meet at dinner."

My father then quitted the room, and my brother and I took a walk arm in arm towards a grove of limes which adorned a part of our pleasure-grounds, and there we began a conversation on what had just passed:

"What singularity of sentiment marks the character of our father, Charles!" said my brother; "the notion of applying ourselves to trade is truly ludicrous."

"I am not of that opinion; I can readily comprehend his views; which convince me more than ever of his anxious attention to our future welfare."

"I am glad you are so well satisfied with the motion; and, pray may I ask,

on

on what branch of business your prudent choice will fall?"

I hesitated not to assure him, that I should prefer the mercantile line to all other.

"Your most obedient servant, Mr. Charles Danby, merchant" (cried he humorously bowing); "and I for my part determine, since I must fix on something, it shall be the Law."

"Which I think, Ned," rejoined I, "you have abilities to adorn, if you chuse to exert them."

He thanked me for the compliment; and after some farther chat, we returned home to dinner; after which, as we sat drinking our wine, we mutually acquainted our father with the result of our deliberations; at which he expressed much satisfaction.

"Your

"Your active genius, Ned," I said he, "will, if I mistake not, make a good figure at the bar; while Charles's exactness and assiduity, I foresee, will enable him to shine in Commerce with honour and advantage."

Soon after this, proper situations were chosen for us by the old gentleman our father, who took us both to London, and saw us severally engaged, by proper articles, to the professions we had respectively fixed on. My brother was placed with a gentleman of the Middle Temple, whose character, as well for integrity as abilities, was universally esteemed; and for my part, it was my lot to be situated with a Mr. Fleming, who had only one child, a son of nearly to my own age, who, with a most amiable wife, made up the whole of the good merchant's family. They were certainly some of the worthiest people in the world.

world. The young gentleman seemed to regard me with fraternal affection; and his father and mother constantly paid me an attention little short of paternal. I applied myself so intensely to business, of which I became extremely fond, that in a little time I entirely acquired the esteem and approbation of my master. Having passed about two years in this agreeable family in a manner perfectly congruous to my own disposition, an account arrived of the death of my father; on which melancholy occasion, my brother and myself hurried into the country to see the last duties performed to the remains of a parent whom, I believe, we both tenderly loved. And in fine, Sir, at the settling of the family affairs, our fortunes were equal, and sufficient to have handsomely supported us, had we chose to decline the engaging in business.

some of the worst people in the world.

The

The situation I enjoyed at Mr. Fleming's was so perfectly agreeable to me, that I had no desire of contracting the time I had yet to serve with him; and my brother was so well pleased with a town-life, that he was of a similar determination: we therefore both continued with our respective masters the whole of the time agreed on by our late father, though before its expiration I had the pain of perceiving Edward daily discover a taste for every species of dissipation. In short, he was no sooner at liberty, than he gave so large a scope to the indulgence of that disposition, that I could not avoid fearing he would at length involve himself in such pecuniary difficulties, as no future industry might be able to extricate him from. I thought it my duty to acquaint him with my apprehensions on that subject, as well as to remonstrate on the imprudence of such a conduct; which

which not being well relished on his part, a mutual coldness succeeded; and we saw each other much seldomer than we had hitherto been accusom'd to do.

My time was most agreeably divided between the employment of the compting-house; the satisfactions of friendship with every one of the good merchant's family, particularly from a very intimate connection with his son, Harry Fleming; and I may add also, the pleasure of an acquaintance of the tenderest kind; for during my residence in town, I had been introduced to a Miss G——, a beautiful young lady of most amiable manners and disposition: as she appeared nowise averse to receiving those demonstrations of particular esteem, which I took all occasions of discovering, we were soon on a very tender footing with each other. The favourable opinion which Mr. Fleming

constantly expressed for me, was sufficient to procure me such a reception with the relations of my Amelia, as was equal to my warmest wishes; while, on the other hand, his approbation of the object of my regard, contributed to add yet greater fervency to my passion.

Thus, happy in the most pleasing prospects that ever gilded the hopes of youth, I considered myself as one of the favourites of fortune. I had not yet embarked in business; neither was it my intention of forming any extensive connections therein: some little employ I designed to pursue, to ward off that weight of lassitude which uninterrupted leisure often occasions. Such was my situation; when one morning I chanced to call at my brother's rooms, I found him counting a large heap of gold, though not with an air of entire satisfaction.

“D—n

“D—n it, Charles,” cried he, “how do you manage to keep matters together without breaking bulk? here have I been forced to dip the old gentleman’s estate—I have taken up a cool thousand, boy.”

As I was both too much grieved and astonished to give any interruption to his speech, he proceeded thus:

“Not that my present demands exceed six hundred pounds, but I love a good round sum; now if you have any occasion for the odd four hundred, you may appropriate them to your own use.”

I had not the smallest occasion for the money; so far from having injured my estate, I had annually laid up a considerable part of its income; but it occurred to me, that by borrowing this sum of my brother, I should perhaps be the means of preventing his expending it unnecef-

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family;

family ; and that on some future occasion he would doubtless thank me for the preservation of it. In fine, I told him I would accept the offer, and accordingly put the cash into my purse ; adding, that I would give him my note for the receipt of it.

“ Another time,” said he, carelessly, “ will do for that — it makes no difference between us two ; besides, I have an engagement at the Bedford, and must therefore bid you good-morrow.”

I accompanied him on part of the way ; after which I went immediately home, placed the money in my 'scrutoire, resolving not to make any use of it. Indeed there was reason to suppose it would not be long before my brother's extravagance would lead him to recall it. Three weeks after this, I again call'd at his lodging.

“ My

"My dear Charles," said he as I entered, "let me embrace you as my best friend: do you know, that if you had not kindly eased me of the care of that four hundred pounds, it had infallibly have been gone, every shilling, three nights ago; my good lad, do be so kind as to prevent me still from laying violent hands on it."

"I am sorry," replied I, "for your want of resolution; however, I will take care of it for you; but I will now give you some acknowledgement for the receipt of it."

"I believe," said he, with an apparent air of indifference, "there is a paper on the desk which will do for that occasion; but, pshaw, what does it matter between us!"

He then reached me a parchment, and put a pen, dipt in ink, into my hand. I thought indeed it appeared to contain a larger number of lines than was necessary for the purpose; but knowing the customary tautology of the law, I only said, with a smile——

“One would think you had drawn up a marriage settlement.”

“You know,” replied he, “the d—d nonsense of these kind of things; and I warrant *that* blockhead, my clerk, would not omit the repetition of a single term, lest it should derogate from the dignity of the profession.”

You will no doubt, Sir, extremely condemn my easy credulity on this occasion; but I had never seen the smallest reason to suspect the integrity of my brother; nay, I was of opinion,

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that

that though honesty and truth were banished from all the world, they never could be withdrawn from a fraternal relation. At that time indeed I doubted not the integrity of any human being; that is a task which an ingenuous mind will not engage in, till dear bought experience forces him upon it. In a word, I signed the instrument without once troubling myself to examine its contents.

I It was not till half a year afterwards that I had occasion to write to my steward, who I thought discovered an unusual remissness in his accounts. Hitherto the same person had acted as steward to both me and my brother; but, good heavens! what was my astonishment, when in reply he told me, though in very respectful terms, that he was wholly at a loss to comprehend my meaning, having duly paid the rents of

the joint estates to my brother, agreeable, as he supposed, to an engagement between ourselves. My heart sunk within me, Sir, at the receipt of this letter, and my inward misgivings told me every thing; still I checked myself for even the bare suspicion of the truth. Why do I thus injure (thought I) a brother thus? it can only be a mistake, which an interview with him will soon clear up. I repaired instantly to my brother's apartments, whom I did not find at home; but, meeting the clerk, I asked him what were the conditions of the deed he had engrossed some time since between his master and myself?

"Truly, Sir," replied he, "I had never any thing to do of the kind you mention."

At that moment my brother returned home. Whether there was any thing in
my

my countenance expressive of the business I came on; or that the consciousness of his own villany upbraided him; I can't say; but he turned pale as ashes, and evidently trembled; when at my request he accompanied me to a private room.

“Ned,” said I, “let me have a sight of the paper I signed to you the other day.”

He had by this time somewhat recollected himself, and, with all the effrontery of cool-paced villany, he replied,

“The actual deed you have no business with; but” (added he with a smile, in which Lucifer himself surely peeped from his black heart) “you shall see the duplicate of it.”

At that moment my brother returned. Whether there was any thing in my

He then fetched me a paper, in which, to my utter astonishment and dismay, I had actually made over to him a full and entire right to all my landed estates, during the term of my natural life; with investiture of full power to apply the whole income thereof to his own use or purpose.

It was happy for me that during my examination of the fatal deed the villain had slipped out of the room, or I had certainly drawn on myself the curse of blood guiltiness.

In an agony of mind not to be expressed, I flew to the house of Mr. Fleming, where I revealed the black transaction to friends, who heard the sad story with unfeigned sorrow, yet were unable to afford me any other satisfaction, than (if such it might be called) of bitterly inveighing against the author of
so

for diabolical a measure. As for reproaches on my own credulity, they chose not to express them: on the contrary, they declared that they valued me the more highly for that unsuspecting generosity which had exposed me to such an artifice. Harry Fleming suppressing his emotions, flew to me, and catching me in his arms with an ardour which I shall ever remember with gratitude, said,

“The part of a wise man, my Charles, is to make the best of every event: do not therefore suffer yourself to indulge an useless regret; this four hundred pounds which you have so dearly acquired, I will immediately incorporate with my own stock and trade; we will from this day commence a partnership.”

Struck

Struck with the generosity of such a proposal, I had neither words or power to reply. Mr. Fleming, his father, seeing my embarrassment, hinted to his son to leave me till I should somewhat recover myself; meantime, he said, while his eyes glistened with pleasure on his son,

“You have acted nobly, my Harry, and are worthy of the ample fortune which, thank Heaven, I have in my power to bequeath you; and, for the sake of so princely a disposition, I could wish it even larger than it is. As for our unfortunate friend, I have thus much to prognosticate for his comfort; that this small sum shall to him be blessed with increase, whilst the wretch by whose vile arts he received it, will pine in misery, even during his short-liv’d enjoyment of an estate so iniquitously acquired. Observe me, children :

this.

this same estate will prove the vulture, which fiction tells us perpetually devours Prometheus' vitals."

After this, the good old gentleman advised me to seek redress for my injury at law; assuring me, that in his opinion, there was no doubt of its assisting me in a recovery of my just right. To this measure I was totally averse; alledging, that such were the intricacies and delays of the law, that it was probable the whole of the effects would be lost in the attempt; adding, that since my unworthy brother was capable of resigning all pretensions to honour, as well as inward peace, in the ineffable satisfactions of self-esteem, I would leave him to enjoy the fruits of his diabolical procedure; convinced, that in the end his own conscience would amply revenge me on him for the fraud.

When

When I unfolded the whole of my unfortunate story to my beloved Miss G——, she heard me with a tender condolence, and with a generosity which made me revere her as something superior to woman. She said,

“It is now a time, Sir, to wave the customary punctilios of my sex. I blush not to say, that your lots of fortune is in my eye no diminution of your merit. My fortune, which you know is ten thousand pounds, will abundantly enable you to begin the world with a favourable prospect; nor do I wish it withheld from you one day longer, since in so critical a juncture of affairs, I should glory in placing it in the possession of the man I esteem above his sex.”

Penetrated with the deepest sense of so generous and noble a conduct, I cast myself

myself at her feet, and seizing her hand, bathed it with my tears.

‘No, divine Amelia,’ cried I; ‘the happiness which but two days ago I would have resigned the wealth of Indus to purchase honour, compels me now to reject. I will not imitate the base author of my wrongs, by imposing on innocence and generosity. This dear hand, which I would prize above a diadem, shall not be allied to misery and indigence. I am not now deserving of you, most angelic woman; I leave you to try if fortune will yet favour an injured, yet virtuous man: the hope of one day calling you my own, will be a constant incentive to my industry; and could I indulge the transporting thought, that my Amelia would still cherish the memory of her Charles,’—

Here I cast myself

Here a scene ensued which I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, that this adored woman blessed me with the fondest assurances of her unalterable affection ; and we parted with tears, accompanied by the mutual exchange of the most tender vows.

It was judged expedient by Mr. Fleming, that either his son or myself should for some time reside in Holland, for the purpose of prosecuting our commercial affairs with more advantage. As a removal from England was a measure which, at such a crisis, could not but be highly agreeable to me, I readily undertook to embark on the scheme : and so very prosperous was the issue of our partnership, that I soon saw a probability of becoming, in a very few years, possessed of a far larger fortune than I had been defrauded of. During this time, a constant correspondence by letter
had

had subsisted between Amella and me. Nothing could be more tender than were her epistles ; nothing more ardent or more sincere than mine. At length, while I was amusing myself with the most enchanting visions of future happiness, a considerable time elapsed without my having received an answer to several letters I had dispatched to her. Surprized and alarmed at so unusual a silence, I express'd my fears to my generous friend and constant correspondent, Harry Fleming ; desiring him to omit no means of procuring me all possible satisfaction on so interesting a subject. He was assiduous in obliging me ; and obtained a full discovery of the reason of that silence which had so much excited my apprehensions. But what will you say, Sir, when I add, that this woman, so beloved ; so apparently the mirror of constancy and truth, had

VOL. I. F given

given her hand some months before to my perfidious brother!

‘Ungenerous villain!’ I exclaimed, in the first emotions of my passion; ‘was it not enough that thou bereavest me of fortune? but must thy cursed arts supplant me also in the affections of the woman whom I prized above life? The one was mere trash; I grudged it not to thee. But thou hast robb’d me of the only jewel of my soul; a treasure which the universe cannot replace.’

As soon however as reason succeeded to the empire of my mind, I could not but despise myself for bestowing a thought on a woman who, though once dearer to me than my existence, I could not but contemplate in a light which sunk her far beneath my slightest esteem. Had she not known his character (I would say) I could pity the error his
artifice

artifice had effected. But did she not know him for the injurer, the betrayer of the very man whom she profess'd to prefer above all others? 'Tis perfidy; 'tis the basest criminality. Not content with cruelly deceiving a fond and faithful breast, she has taken part with my worst enemy. 'Tis a tacit approbation of the injury; 'tis becoming an accomplice in the deed itself.

Those sentiments tended to eradicate from my mind all remains of my former passion; all idle and fond regret. I engaged yet more eagerly in business, as a means of withdrawing my thoughts from past occurrences. However, I must confess, the conduct of Miss G—— had given me so unworthy an idea of the whole sex, that from that time to this I have avoided any intimate, much less tender connection, with any one lady.

“You are wrong, Sir, permit me to say (interrupted my Cousin) the unworthiness of one woman ought not to inspire you with a general contempt of them all. Were we thus to form our sentiments, half your sex, I believe, would in vain seek for wives.”

There was an asperity in the conclusion of my Cousin's speech, at which the merchant only smiled, and resumed his narrative.

At the expiration of about ten years (said he) I returned to England as rich as any reasonable man would desire to be. To my unspeakable concern I found, that both my dear old master and his excellent lady had paid the debt of nature; but I enjoyed the most sincere pleasure at seeing my worthy friend and partner united to a very amiable woman, who has born him several

several children, who all apparently indicate the same excellent dispositions which distinguish their parents.

Although I had forborne all enquiries after the false and ungrateful Amelia, it was my fate to become the painful witness of that misery which her fallshood justly deserved. As I was one night about ten o'clock returning home through the Temple Cloisters, the figure of a woman darted swiftly by me: there was a dignity as well as wildness in her air, which prompted me to stop and look back after her. I heard her utter a sigh which seemed to rend her very soul; it was the accent of misery, and my feelings were interested by it. I resolved to follow her, to prevent the perpetration of some melancholy deed; for I know not whence the impression arose; but such my working thoughts assured me would be the sad catastrophe. I

therefore followed her steps, unnoticed, at a distance ; I saw her descend the Temple Stairs ; I quickened my pace, or rather I flew towards the same spot, and reach'd it just time enough to prevent her from throwing herself into the wave.

‘ Stop,’ cried I, ‘ presumptuous woman ; nor dare to brave the anger of Heaven.’

“ What right,” returned she, “ have you to forbid a wretch from seeking the only asylum allowed to misery ?”

She spake ; but scarcely did I prevent myself from sinking into the waves, from which I had preserved that miserable creature ; for my whole frame shook : my knees smote one against the other. In fine, the voice, the figure of the person, as discerned by the glimmering

mering of a lamp, convinced me that it was none other than Amelia herself. I suppose the horror and perturbation of her mind prevented her from recollecting me: 'tis certain, however, that she knew me not; nor was I at all inclined to discover myself to her. I was only able to exhort her to quit her shocking purpose, and to rely on the compassion of Providence. She suffered me, without replying, to conduct her to her lodgings in the attic story of a mean house; where, having committed her to the care of a young woman of the family, I requested to see the mistress of the house, from whom I hoped to learn some particulars of her lodger.

This person, who seemed to be a decent elderly woman, informed me, that all she knew of her was, that, some years ago, she had given her hand to a gentleman who, after wasting both his

own and her fortune, basely deserted her, and went abroad, having never since been heard of; that the poor gentlewoman, she believed, had no friends or relations, for that during her residence in the house, she had seen no company whatever; that she had procured some trifling matters by her needle; but that her distress had been very great, though no one of the family ever suspected that she meant to put an end to her life.

I gave the good woman a trifle for her intelligence, and earnestly desiring her to pay a constant attention to her unhappy lodger, took my leave, assuring her that she should shortly hear from me again.

This painful rencounter I communicated to my friend Mr. Fleming, who, at my request, undertook to manage the
scheme

scheme I intended to effect with respect to this unfortunate woman, so as entirely to conceal my name in the business : in short, he got her removed to a genteel lodging, and presented her with a deed, in which was a settlement of a competent annuity for life ; leaving it to her choice to reside either in town or country ; but she prefer'd the latter : and I have the comfort to reflect that she, at present, lives in ease and tranquility.

As I was now past the active period of life, I became desirous of retiring both from the fatigue of business and the hurry of a populous city. An opportunity offering, I purchased this estate, to which I immediately repaired ; and here I have passed some years, in a manner perfectly agreeable to my choice. I live at my ease, in perfect charity with all the world—my table is ever open to such as will favour it with their presence

—as is my purse to those whom I have reason to think really stand in need of it. Once every year I am honour'd with a visit from Mr. Fleming and his amiable lady, who, at my particular request, bring with them their whole train of little cherubs.

Thus, Sir, I enjoy the bounty of a kind Providence with that cheerfulness and hospitality which, I hope, will ever express my gratitude for its benefits. I rejoice with the happy, and sympathize with the unfortunate; and I wish, with all my soul, that every individual in the world was as happy as myself.

C H A P. VI.

THE afternoon was pretty far spent when we took leave of our friendly host.

host. I could not but observe, that tho' my cousin had express'd so much reluctance in the morning to the accepting Mr. Danby's polite invitation, she now discover'd no sort of impatience to quit his hospitable mansion. Such odd things happen in this world that I profess myself as much at a loss to account for, as if I was this moment dropp'd from the moon, and had no sort of acquaintance with the nature of those beings who inhabit this sublunary planet.

We were no sooner seated in the chaise than my companion, with a prodigious fund of loquacity, began to expatiate on the character, the odd adventures, and the comfortable dwelling of Mr. Danby: to all which I returned not a syllable in reply. Provok'd at this inattention or dullness, she ask'd me at last, with some peevishness, if I did not think we had enjoy'd a most agreeable visit?

‘ Pretty

“Pretty well (returned I dryly) considering we were strangers to each other.”

My cousin wanted no penetration to discover that this reply was intended as an oblique reflection on the cautionary timidity which she had expressed—it excited a blush on her cheek, which I thought a full proof of self-conviction; I wanted no more: so laying aside the office of censor, I condescended to enter fully into her views, by bestowing on that gentleman the encomiums he justly merited; which subject served to afford a pleasing entertainment, till we stopp’d at a small village, in order to refresh the horses; on which occasion it occurred to us that a dish of tea, provided it could be had, would be no unpleasing regale.

“Will your Honour please to go to the White Hart,” said the postillion, “or to the General Elliot’s Head?”

‘The

‘The latter to be sure,’ cried I, warmly; ‘I would go to the world’s end to do honour to the head of General Elliot, not (added I in a sort of desponding accent) that it is in the power of any panegyric of mine to add one ray more to the glory with which it is already encircled.’

The post-boy look’d up to the sign, the setting sun was shining full against it—“It is very bright,” said the boy. My cousin smiled; I gave her my hand to alight. We were usher’d into a room, the floor of which looked extremely white, tho’ the furniture was not in the most superb style—it was the club-room.

“What a nauseous smell of tobacco!” exclaimed my cousin.

‘Now I like it,’ said I, sitting down in an elbow chair; ‘it brings to my mind
the

the idea of conviviality: man was not formed for solitude, but to diffuse and enjoy the pleasures of sociability and rational converse. Nay (cried I, a little enthusiastically) I see them at this moment, the village club assembled in this very room, with much more heart-felt enjoyment than often enters a more polite circle. The rural joke (as your favourite poet expresses it) the rural scandal flies, to which we may add the politics of the day. There sits a Pittite, here a Foxite, discussing the affairs of the state with as much warmth, and perhaps with as much virulence, as appears in the great national assembly; but the foaming tankard, or the sparkling bowl, composes all difference of sentiment—I wish with all my heart they were as easily composed in the environs of St. Stephen.'

My cousin had poured out the tea—'twas excellent, or at least appeared so to

us,

us, fatigued with the heat and dust of travelling.

‘I am convinced,’ said I, ‘did we never eat but when exercise or abstinence had quickened the appetite, nor drink but when they had excited thirst, we should have no occasion for French cooks or French wines.’

The opinion was corroborated by the appearance of a poor sailor, who stood a few paces from the window, most heartily eating a brown crust which Charity had just bestowed.

‘Thou shalt have a cup of ale, friend,’ said I, ‘to moisten the homely morsel which thou swallowest with so much gout.’

The sailor, in a modest accent, owned it would be acceptable.

• Perish

‘Perish the cold heart who could deny thee one,’ said I, ‘while that venerable portrait appears in view.’

The man lifted up his eyes to the sign with an aspect of reverence; he then cast them down on his left side, where hung the stump of an arm, but no more.

“I wish firmly,” said he, “I had as many arms as the fellow we are told had an hundred; I would be content to lose them all in the support of that brave man.”

‘Briarens, you mean, my friend.’

“Aye, master; I remember to have read of him when a boy at the Free School.”

‘Pray,’

‘Pray,’ interrupted I, ‘were you at the siege of Gibraltar?’

“Aye, master, was I; and had the satisfaction of giving Jack Spaniard a good drubbing; so I don’t much regard what I suffer here at home, since I have that thought to comfort me.”

‘That looks like downright spite,’ said my Cousin, ‘rather than valour.’

“No, Lady,” returned the sailor; “I bear them no malice for all that; for when once we had beaten them, I could have taken e’er a poor wounded dog of them all to my bosom; nay, have parted with my last shirt to cover him.”

‘Brave fellow!’ exclaimed I.

My Cousin’s eyes were brim full.

‘You shall drink the General’s health,’ said I, seeing the landlord approach with a tankard of ale.

“That I will readily, master; but first I will drink his Majesty’s; Heaven bless him, and may he never want such an officer to fight for him, I say.”

‘Or such an intrepid tar as yourself,’ added I, ‘to grace his navy.’

The poor fellow bow’d, and look’d abash’d; the voice of praise was what his honest roughness had been little accusom’d to, still less desirous of. I flipp’d a couple of crowns into his hand, and retired to finish my tea; I thought it drank better than before.

“Pray, said my Cousin (looking at a print which represented the loss of the *Halfewell*) are we many miles from the
place

place where this unfortunate ship was lost?"

“Not more than thirty, I suppose.”

“I should like”, said she pensively, “to breathe a sigh over the wave which buried so much beauty, gallantry, and worth. Perhaps it would not much disarrange your travelling plan, Cousin, if”——

“And if it did,” interrupted I eagerly, “there are feelings which I would go twenty miles on foot at any time to enjoy. We will make our rout along the coast of Dorsetshire.”

’Twas most satisfactorily settled. The horses were ready; and the landlord sent in his bill by the hand of a fresh-coloured country lass, whose figure excited my attention; but it was much

more interested by the sight of some pearly drops which were glistening in a pair of the loveliest black eyes in the world. Now, in defiance of all those tacit reproaches which I had to apprehend from the rigid veneration which my Cousin professes to pay to dignity of manners (as she expresses it) I could not repress a secret anxiety at beholding a handsome face clouded by the symptoms of sorrow.

‘And what!’ cried I (a little tenderly) could extort those pellucid drops from thy radiant eyes, fair damsel? If I have any skill in physiognomy, thou wouldst not inflict the smallest pain in the bosom of a fellow creature.’

“It were a pity, Cousin Joseph,” interrupted my travelling companion (somewhat spitefully) that you would not on these occasions express yourself intelligi-

intelligibly; I am certain the young woman does not understand a syllable of all you have been saying."

'She has an interpreter within,' replied I.

The girl herself put the question beyond all doubt, by informing me that she did not weep on her own account. She was just come from visiting a poor neighbour, a widow with six children. The owner of the cottage in which she dwelt, had that day seiz'd the few articles of furniture it afforded, for rent; and the wretched family were turned out into the street—"to sleep, Sir," added the young woman, "under the first tree or hedge that will shelter her and her poor babes!—Oh, that I was possess'd of but three guineas!"

‘ And would three guineas, child,’ said I, ‘ enable you to yield them the assistance your benevolent heart yearns to afford ?’

“ Oh, Sir ! that sum would set all to rights again, and I have been begging my father to lend it me ; but he says he shall never be paid.”

‘ Then, my girl, thou shalt not miss an opportunity of gratifying some of the finest feelings of human nature for want of such a paltry sum. Here (putting the pieces into her hand) go follow the dictates of so sweet a disposition.’

The happy girl stopp’d not to express her thanks, except by a rustic courtesy, and a look which evinced one of the gentlest souls that e’er animated a beautiful form.

“ Posi-

“Positively, Cousin Joseph, you are unacquainted with the value of money, since you can squander it in such romantic extravagancies.”

‘Madam, believe me, I never laid out three guineas to more advantage in my life.’

My Cousin would not allow it.

‘Mankind,’ resumed I, ‘are at a vast expence to buy wit, pain, misery; but few possess the secret of purchasing real pleasure; and yet it is often to be bought with a far less sum than is daily wasted on the most insignificant trifles.’

CHAP. VII.

I Had promised my cousin a sight of the Isle of Purbeck; which, as we were not limited in point of time, I found it not difficult to effect. The morning was fine on which we took a walk to the promontory, at whose foot the unfortunate East-Indiaman was lost. As we stood viewing the channel from the top of that stupendous rock, with our eyes silently fix'd on the waves below, I could not but reflect, with the most profound awe, on the wonderful dispensations of Providence, which while it permitted the tempest to rage with that dreadful fury which embosom'd so many unfortunate persons in the deep, did yet enable a few to escape, in a manner which, when the amazing height of the rock is considered, together with its unfavourable

favourable projection over the sea, can surely be esteemed little less than miraculous. Certain it is, that a maritime occupation affords more striking instances of the superintendence of Providence than any other. Among multitudes of people, and in the perpetual variety of a multiplicity of objects and pursuits, the over-ruling all-directing hand of Heaven is dimly seen, or but slightly attended to ; but the hair-breadth escapes of mariners, clearly evinces the certainty of an Almighty Power ruling the tempest, and guiding the dreadful storm.

We both felt ourselves so much fatigued by our walk, as to be glad to repose on the first seat we could meet with ; which happened to be at the door of a cottage, the owner of which greeted us with much native civility. As we were sitting on the bench, shaded overhead

head by a spreading woodbine, I observed one of the children about to destroy some sheets of paper which contained a number of written lines, apparently of the poetical kind. I must confess that, from my youth, I have ever discover'd in myself a violent propensity to examine every scrap of paper which appear'd impress'd by the pen; and it is certainly very lucky for me that Fortune, in her whimsical allotments, never gave me access to a lady's dressing room; for in that case I can't say how far this prying humour of mine might have resisted the temptation of peeping, with unhallow'd eyes, into those sacred trophies of love and divinityship, called *Billet-doux*.

'What have you there, my pretty lad?' said I, at the same time restraining the motion of his devastating hand.

Well, now the weaver's loom is set a-going, and the thread of life is spun. Oh!

“ Oh nothing at all, Sir, but some papers which the strange-looking gentleman dropp’d at the foot of yonder tree.”

‘ It must be three years ago, I believe,’ said his mother ; ‘ however, it was soon after the Halfewell was lost, that there came a strange-looking person (something like a gentleman to be sure he seem’d) to see the rock, as you may do ; I am sure he was one of those odd people called Poets.’

“ And by what marks did you conclude him so ?” ask’d my cousin.

‘ Why, Madam, he had not the look of other folks ; he was as thin and meagre as you can imagine ; and he rode on a grey horse which was as thin as himself.’—

My cousin smiled at the woman’s characteristics—she went on. ‘ Well, Sir,

Sir, as I was saying, I am sure it was a poet: my grandfather lived in London, and I heard him say he had seen many a one; he said they were the strangest folks—they lived so different from other people; for commonly when every body went to bed, they mounted a horse, called Pig or Peg, or some such name, and away they gallopp'd to supper with nine young ladies (I forget their names) tho' it should seem that their fare was not very substantial, for it never made their visitors grow fat. My grandfather used also to say, that these poets had a strange quality belonging to them; for no money would ever stay about them; for if a piece of gold or silver was put into their pockets it vanished, just as if there was magic in them.'

Here my cousin laughed immoderately, which a little disconcerted the good woman; however, to atone for the
apparent

apparent rudeness, I observed that what the old man, her grandfather, had said, was, I believed, pretty generally acknowledged; after which she resumed her relation.

“And so, Sir, this poet-man, as I take him to be, as he was riding by this very spot, in taking out his pocket handkerchief, dropp’d this bundle of papers; I called after him, as loud as I could, but he was out of hearing, for (bless me) he rode just as if the bailiffs had been at his heels.”

“It’s ten to one but they were,” said my cousin.

I desired permission to examine the papers, and found it to be

A Monody on the Death of Capt. Pierce.

“I should like to read it more at leisure,” said I; and giving the boy a gratuity, with which the good people were all
well

well satisfied, I put the copy into my pocket, intending to amuse myself with its perusal as I went on my journey.

Now, my good-natured reader (for such I hope you happen to be) as I hate that curriish disposition, which having gotten possession of a bone, or a piece of pye-crust, mumbles it over in a selfishly greedy manner without suffering a neighbour to come in for a share — I say, I hate any thing like this; wherefore, to avoid even the most distant imputation of a similar nature, I resolve to offer to your perusal this same copy of Verses which I have just mentioned, as in my possession. But, as it is usual for things of this kind to make their way into the world with a smart prefatory Address, and as I find nothing of the sort in the copy (owing, perhaps, to the author having been engaged in one of those aerial nocturnal visits, which the good woman

woman spoke of) I am horribly afraid I must be necessitated to prefix something of the sort myself; for it is a thing of which I have not got a knack; and that I am convinced is a consideration of more importance than many are aware of; for why does a person tell a story with so much humour, or make love with such winning softness, or discuss a subject in parliament with so irresistible an energy and precision? Why, verily, by having got a knack of it. Now, for want of this knack of penning an Introductory Address, I foresee I shall make sorry work of it: I have one by me, which has cost me much lucubration, and vast destruction of paper to complete; and if one may judge of a work, as many an author does by the pains and labour it costs in the composition, this must certainly be a most excellent one of its kind, and I will therefore subjoin it here.

Courteous

Courteous Reader,

It is highly probable that you may have been better pleased to have perused this Monody two or three years ago ; and truly, I am heartily sorry that it did not then meet the public eye ; but because it did not then, is the very reason that I am determined it shall now. There is one consideration which abounds much to your consolation, and of which you will doubtless avail yourself at pleasure ; namely, that provided from indolence, disinclination, or any other natural or accidental cause, you feel no propensity to peruse the said Monody, you are at full liberty to pass it over, and proceed to the future peregrinations of

Your Humble Servant,

JOSEPH TREADLIGHT,

Editor.

MONODY

MONODY
ON THE
DEATH
OF
CAPTAIN PIERCE,
AND THOSE
Unfortunate Young Ladies
who perished with him,
IN THE
HALSEWELL EAST INDIAMAN.

ARGUMENT.

Social Virtues more conducive to human happiness than Martial Qualities—conspicuous in the Character of Captain Pierce—Address to the Muses — Parting of the Captain and his Lady compared to that of Hector and Andromache—Story of Damon and Amanda—Storm — Loss of the Halsewell—Distraction of Commerce at the fatal Event—Allusion to the Story of Ægeus—Friends in India directed to acquire Lessons of Patience and Contempt of Riches, from the Maxims of the ancient Bramins.

M O N O D Y
ON THE
DEATH
OF
CAPTAIN PIERCE.

WHEN fierce Bellona calls her sons from far,
And wakes the nations with the din of war,
Destruction o'er the peaceful valley reigns,
And tides of blood o'erflow embattl'd plains;
Then dealing death, and crown'd with valiant
deeds,
The warlike hero for his country bleeds;
He falls lamented by the great and brave,
And Fame, her trump, blows o'er his crimson'd
grave.

And shall she not for thee, Oh PIERCE! prepare

Her loudest clarion, lifted high in air?
 For feats of war and martial arms, disgrace
 The gloomy annals of the human race;
 But feelings, such as once adorn'd thy mind, *
 Exalt, refine, and civilize mankind!
 Oh! hadst thou liv'd when noble Rome appear'd;
 Or polish'd Greece her virtuous sages rear'd;
 Thy name, enroll'd in the historic page,
 Had shone, rever'd by each succeeding age.
 And will no gen'rous bard invoke the Nine
 To celebrate such high rais'd worth as thine!
 Or say, how shipwreck'd on her rocky coast,
 Britannia mourns her fav'rite ever lost!
 How long with raging winds and seas he fought,
 Suggesting all that human prudence ought!
 And when at last, of ev'ry hope bereft,
 Th'affrighted crew their sinking vessel left,
 "Can aught be done," he kindly ask'd, "to save
 "These dear Companions from the briny wave?"
 Ah hapless Parent! who can paint thy woe!
 "They're doom'd to sink, deep in the gulph
 below."

* *But feelings, &c.*] The late unfortunate commander of the *Halfewell* (too generally known and esteemed to need a panegyric here) will ever be remember'd as one of the brightest ornaments of society; who, to the bright assemblage of moral and social virtues, united elegance of manners, refinement of sentiment, and a taste for the polite arts; which he attempted to establish in our commercial settlements in India.

At

At that dread moment, to his feeling breast,
 In one paternal sad embrace, he prest
 The lovely objects of his fondest care,
 And, scorning life, resolv'd their fate to share*.
 Each aid refus'd which chance or fortune spread,
 And in the waters found a glorious bed.
 Yet if the soaring Muse can right divine,
 Ere morning beams did on the ocean shine,
 His gentle spirit gain'd the seats above;
 Where ev'ry bosom glows with Social Love.
 Ye Aonian Maids, whose verse inspiring smile
 Delights to rest on Albion's favour'd isle,
 Why now are silent all the tuneful throng
 Who greet their country's virtue with their song!
 Tho' Gray no more his plaintive accents pours,
 Nor Pope makes vocal Twit'nam's fairest bow'rs,

* *Resolv'd their fate to share.*] That generous turn of mind, which so amiably distinguished Capt. Pierce's character received its fullest illustration in the last great act of his life; when, amidst a scene of fate, ever to be deplored, he seemed to have suppress'd the almost resistless impulse of nature, which so powerfully directs to self-preservation, and felt only for his friends. He appears to have known no anxiety, but for their safety. Finding there remained no possibility of saving their lives, despised every effort to preserve his own; and generously resolved to perish with them. It was then that, in circumstances too dreadful to be conceived, he gave a loose to the finest feelings of humanity, and fell—a Glorious Sacrifice to Paternal Tenderness.

Yet are there those who tune th'harmonious lyre
 When noble deeds applausive verse require.
 Of André's fate fair Anna * yet complains,
 And mourns his loss in elegiac strains :
 And him who boldly plow'd the distant main
 T'extend the glories of a Brunswick's reign,
 Whose name yet drops with pity from each
 tongue,
 Dies not unhonour'd when so sweetly sung.
 Poetic Fair ! in what sequester'd shade,
 Which no tumultuous passion dares invade,
 Rests now thy reed, when youth and beauty die,
 And manly virtue asks thy sympathy ?
 Oh may these humble strains (blest Fate) excite
 You, or some bard, in loftier lays to write :
 Well pleas'd, the Muse wou'd to her shades retire,
 Content t'have waken'd a superior lyre :
 With weeping eyes read o'er the glowing page
 Which records merit to a future age.

Till then, may Fancy plume her daring wing,
 And image woes she durst not rise to sing ;
 With brooding pinions view the pond'rous grief,
 Till rising tears afford a sad relief ;
 Recall with heaving sighs, if yet she may
 Each sad occurrence of that awful day,

* *Fair Anna.*] Miss Seward, Author of a Pathetic Monody
 on the fate of Major André, and also an Elegy on Capt. Cook.

When Friendship bade the social board prepare,
And each fond face an April sunshine wear ;
When sadly smiling o'er the festive bowl,
Friend sigh'd with friend, and mingl'd soul with
soul. *

And as from spicy cates rich steams arise,
A thousand prayers ascend the pitying skies ;
Each gentle maid with strange emotion warm'd,
Now thrills with terror, now with hope is charm'd ;
With transient joy of promis'd bliss, she hears,
Smiles at the tale, then melts in tender tears.
But who can paint the feelings that oppress,
In that sad day, the fond maternal breast !
Thrice she essay'd t'express her mental pain,
And thrice deep sighs the pensive sounds restrain.
Within her arms her lovely babe she prest ;
Adieu ! she cry'd ; and Silence spoke the rest.
Such sorrows once the Trojan matron knew,
When, arm'd for fight, her Hector stood in view :
To meet the foe she saw her Lord depart,
And felt presaging terrors round her heart ;
Unusual fears her tender mind surpriz'd,
And pictur'd woes that soon were realiz'd :

* The amiable and unfortunate group of friends dined together at Captain Pierce's house, previous to their embarkation—What the feelings of tender and ingenuous minds must be on such an occasion, the reader of sensibility requires no hints to conceive.

Nor less the Hero's manly bosom glows
 With equal courage, tenderness, and love,
 Than did the gen'rous Briton's tortur'd mind,
 When kind, intrepid, yet to Heav'n resign'd:
 "Let not," he cry'd, "those anxious thoughts
 pervade
 "That gentle breast, for peace and friendship
 made;
 "My grateful zeal impels me to the main,
 "And Commerce calls me to the Indian plain;
 "But shou'd the laws of Providence decree
 "My safe return from the precarious sea,
 "No more shall parting cares thy peace annoy*,
 "But tranquil joys our eve of life employ.
 "Tir'd with the fervours of a summer day,
 "Bright Phoebus hastes to quit the azure way;
 "He gains the west, where ocean calmly flows,
 "And thus, in Thetis' arms finds soft repose."

Vain mortals oft, by puerile schemes elate,
 Prescribe the bounds of their impending fate;
 But Heav'n, whose dictates prove supremely wise,
 To the warm heart its fondest wish denies:
 And if, perchance, the fav'rite boon's obtain'd,
 Nor yet content, nor happiness is gain'd.

* Capt. Pierce design'd to have retir'd from the service, had
 it pleas'd Providence to permit his return from this voyage.

From calm possession pleasure ever flies ;
 And untry'd joys in long succession rise :
 Thus eager trav'lers gain the rising hill,
 And groves and lawns allure their footsteps still.

And now the Halfewell cuts the foaming tide ;
 Kind breezes blow, and gentle waves divide.
 The smiling pilot plows th'untroubld deep ;
 And shouting sailors short-liv'd vigils keep.
 High on the stern young Hope is seen to smile ;
 And youthful joys the fleeting hours beguile ;
 Already to Imagination's eyes
 The glowing scenes of India's coast arise :
 Bright gems that grow beneath a warmer sun ;
 And duteous slaves in countless numbers run ;
 Rich palanquins, adorn'd with fragrant flow'rs ;
 And charms of wealth, and gay luxurious bow'rs.
 But ah, ye fair ! beware the glitt'ring bait ;
 In fairest meads oft dang'rous adders wait ;
 Delusive pleasures fatal arts employ,
 And, Siren-like, sing sweetest to destroy.
 Let those in whom creative Heav'n combin'd
 Superior strength, with constancy of mind,
 In search of wealth, far distant climes explore,
 And seek for treasures on a foreign shore ;
 'Tis yours to bid domestic duties smile,
 And spread each virtue o'er your native isle.

Scarce had the new-born year his chilly head

Emerg'd

Emerg'd from cold December's frozen bed ;
And scarce the sun his languid beams cou'd rear
Thro' the dense atmosphere and turbid air ;
Concern'd, he saw his rival Æolus reign
In gloomy state o'er all the azure plain.
This son of Jove, so ancient poets feign'd,
Within his pow'rs the raging wind retain'd ;
And now he bids destructive whirlwinds rise,
And calls his tempest from the northern skies ;
Fierce vivid lightnings gleam from pole to pole,
And thunders deep in solemn terrors roll ;
The troubled sea unfolds its secret bed,
And angry waves surpass the mountains head.
Now o'er th'ethereal vault Night's shadow creep,
And gloomy Darkness veils the hoary deep ;
Such as once fill'd th'immensity of space
Ere Chaos, black, to new-made light gave place.
No radiant star emits a lambent ray,
No lucid gleams in the vast concave play ;
Tumultuous billows rise in dreadful roar,
And horror deep broods on the troubled shore.

Oh thou Supreme ! whose penetrating sight
Pervades the thickest glooms of ancient night ;
Whose look benign, harmonious order spread,
When wild confusion heard thy voice, and fled ;
Whose fiat bade primeval day arise,
And fix'd the bounds of ocean, earth, and skies,

Survey

Survey the storm which shakes our sea-girt isle,
And midst the tempest dart thy saving smile ;
Nor to the sinking wretch thy aid deny,
Tho' drown'd in noise, regard the sailors cry !
Upborne on winds, with tend'rest pity, hear
The wife's, friend's, sister's, or the mother's pray'r !
When o'er the shatter'd bark destruction fits,
And the sad mariner his vessel quits,
Midst raging seas sustain him with thy hand,
And safely bear him to some friendly land !
But if, for reasons which we cannot know,
Thy pow'r awards not the vast scene of woe,
May each kind friend, to whom belongs to weep
Some dear relation, swallow'd in the deep,
To thy decrees, in meek submission, bend,
And learn t'adore what none can comprehend !

Not far remote from the resounding shore
A cottage stands, by ivy half grown o'er ;
An hawthorn hedge the humble walls surrounds,
And wicker gate describes the narrow bounds.
There, many a year, unknown to fame or praise,
An aged pair had pass'd their lengthen'd days ;
Oft seen the azure deep reflect with pride
The fleets of commerce on his swelling tide ;
And oft beheld, with honest joy, again
Their painted prows plow back the waving main.
Full fifty suns they'd seen the harvest swell ;
And tales prolix of ancient swains cou'd tell.

As now they sat around their frugal fire,
 Kind gen'rous cares their feeling breasts inspire;
 Cold terror chills them at each howling blast,
 And pity wakes, and thoughts of sorrow past.
 The latch uplifts, the humble door expands,
 And Strephon (virtuous swain) before them stand.
 "Of social intercourse, how great the charm!"
 Philemon cry'd, "our sorrows to disarm,
 "For this by Nature's pow'rful dictates led,
 "The savage wild his lonely forest fled,
 "Close by some well-known roof, his own he
 rear'd,
 "And Friendship's pow'r his untaught bosom
 cheer'd.
 "Let deep philosophers, of souls refin'd,
 "Look with disdain on all of mortal kind;
 "Or the lone hermit chuse his dreary cell;
 "Be it mine midst the social line to dwell;
 "To hear the sighing heart reveal its grief,
 "And anxious seek to give the wish'd relief;
 "With tender sympathy its sorrows cheer,
 "And where I can't give comfort, yield a tear,
 "And as the terms of human life decree,
 "That none from sorrow shall be wholly free,
 "May I still find some feeling breast to bear
 "The destin'd burden of my secret care.
 "And ev'ry suff'ring find its ease or end
 "In that true balm of life, a Faithful Friend.

"Come

"Come, enter thou, and from our humble board

"Partake whatever our frugal stores afford.

"To share thy converse," said the gentle swain,

"I bore the drifted snows on yonder plain;

"Loud roars the surge, the howling whirlwinds
sweep

"The troubled bosom of the foaming deep;

"As on I pensive walk'd, I seem'd to hear

"The voice of Woe, and cries of black despair.

"What wrecks will soon the fatal shore bestrew;

"What dismal sights appear to our sad view!"

"Ah me, my friends, whilst here secure we rest,

"What horrors big lost numbers now invest.

"You weep—kind pity fills each glist'ning eye,

"And gen'rous feelings these soft drops supply;

"But yet, if right I ween, your melting heart

"Bears in this woe a more than gen'ral part.

"Too true your guests!" the hoary swain
reply'd;

Then paus'd a moment, and profoundly sigh'd.

"Ten years have now their constant circuit run,

"And ten times have I mark'd December's fun.

"Since Thyrsis left this tranquil roof, to gain

"Precarious fortune on the wat'ry plain;

"Seduc'd by specious promises, he left

"His weeping mother and myself bereft

"Of ev'ry bliss propitious Heav'n e'er gave,

"And in the ocean found an early grave;

"Ah,

- " Ah, gentle swain ! had you my Thyrsis known,
 " These sighs, these tears, not ill bestow'd you'd
 own.
 " So good he was, so amiable, and kind,
 " So fair his person, so complete his mind,
 " I vainly thought, as life's decline drew near,
 " To smile with transport in my Thyrsis' care.
 " But now no more these pleasing prospects
 charm ;
 " No hopes delight me, and no pleasures warm.
 " Who now shall soothe my age, or who beguile
 " The pains of sickness, by a filial smile ?
 " And when no more this grief-worn heart shall
 beat,
 " Who o'er my grave shall place the turf so neat ?
 " With flexile osiers mark my peaceful bed,
 " Or clear the noxious nettle from my head ?

Philemon paus'd ; for grief his voice suppress'd,
 And Strephon thus the weeping swain address'd :
 " Your grief is just, I own, nor wou'd restrain ;
 " To bid you mourn not, were to speak in vain ;
 " For I abhorrent hold those doctrines all
 Which learned sages Stoicism call ;
 " Nor with false pride wou'd I affect to be
 Above the feelings of humanity. [stale
 " But hear ; perchance, my plain unvarnish'd
 " To check this tide of sorrow may prevail ;

" For

- “ For well I judge, when thou hast fully known
“ The woes of others, thou’lt forget thy own.
“ Where yon white steeple overlooks the dale,
“ And peaceful hamlets crown the smiling vale,
“ Young Damon liv’d, of ev’ry swain the pride ;
“ And fair Amanda bloom’d his promis’d bride ;
“ As in the wild the tow’ring lily springs,
“ And lends its fragrance to gay zephyr’s wings ;
“ Or as the rose that scents the balmy air,
“ So bloom’d the maid, the fairest of the fair.
“ Consenting parents saw their kindling love,
“ And smiling fate and fairest hopes approve.
“ When youthful spring gave sweetest flowrets
“ birth,
“ And genial suns illum’d the verdant earth,
“ The faithful youth wou’d cull, with anxious
“ care,
“ The freshest buds to deck Amanda’s hair ;
“ From him improv’d each od’rous scent she
“ deem’d,
“ And glowing pinks of brighter tinctures seem’d ;
“ Gay summer’s fruits, and autumn’s plenteous
“ store,
“ With eager haste, to her fair hand he bore.
“ Yon hanging wood, that crowns the distant hill
“ And poplars tall, that edge the gurgling rill,
“ In

“ In flexile bark Amanda’s name retain ;
 “ For Damon carv’d it—Ever constant swain !
 “ At length the lover hail’d his blooming spouse,
 “ And yon white church records their mutual
 “ vows.

“ The golden days in long succession flew,
 “ And love, with friendship, form’d an union true;
 “ But Fortune now, who glories to destroy
 “ Vain mortal’s bliss, and dash their cup of joy,
 “ In ambush deep, prepar’d the fatal blow ;
 “ The evil plann’d, and rous’d the dreadful foe.

“ Where fair Italia’s fertile plains extend,
 “ And holy priests the triple crown defend,
 “ A friend of Damon, to his soul most dear,
 “ By death was ravish’d from his infant care.
 “ The weeping orphans, in a foreign land,
 “ With artless grief their lifeless fire demand ;
 “ No kindred breast receives their pious tears,
 “ No friendly hand conducts their tender years ;
 “ That task young Damon claims, with eager
 “ haste—

“ (His heart was kindness; virtue form’d his taste)
 “ He soon resolv’d th’Italian clime to gain,
 “ Where classic streams yet lave the flow’ry plain;
 “ The kind design charm’d fair Amanda’s ear,
 “ Who quick propos’d the friendly toil to share.

“ And

ON CAPT. PIERCE.

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" And now they leave Britannia's verdant isles

" Fresh zephyrs waft, and prosp'rous breezes

" smile ;

" They gain the freight where, high above the

" the flood,

" Of old, Alcides' tow'ring pillars stood.

" Ah hapless spot ! ah destiny severe !

" Sure Moors may weep, and pirates drop a tear !

" Ah no ! their hearts no kind emotion know,

" Else had they melted at this pond'rous woe.

" The vessel captur'd after long defence ;

" The tender pair behold their ills commence ;

" High on the deck the barb'rous victor stands,

" Whilst crimson gore bedyes his murd'rous

" hands.

" Amanda's beauty charms his savage heart,

" And from her Damon she's compell'd to part.

" Now, if thou canst, Philemon, here suppose

" Some faint resemblance of their mutual woes ;

" Ah no—imagination yields no pow'r

" To paint the mis'ries of that dreadful hour.

" The port attain'd, the wretched pris'ners land

" To irksome slav'ry on Morocco's strand.

" All pale, and trembling, lost Amanda's led

" Where the rude haram's high-rai'd turrets

" spread,

" Whilst her lov'd Damon, doom'd to lasting pains

" On his soft limbs, supports ignoble chains.

" Two tedious years pass on, nor e'er display
 " One gleam of hope, one sweet enliv'ning ray.
 " The barb'rous Moor had long essay'd, in vain,
 " To thaw with love Amanda's cold disdain.
 " Nor constant vows, nor force, cou'd e'er remove
 " Her Damon's image from her warmest love,
 " At length he cry'd, No more, relentless Fair!
 " Shall my fond suit disturb so true a pair:
 " Mark where yon springs their marble basin,
 " lave,

" And the clear fount distils its murm'ring wave;
 " Beneath the palm which veils the sunny glade,
 " Your faithful lover waits you in the shade.
 " Th'impatient Fair springs eager to the place,
 " And joys once more to see her Damon's face!
 " Him there indeed she found—Oh sight of death!
 " The murd'rous cord had stopp'd his balmy
 " breath.

" Frantic she grew—then kiss'd with gestures
 " wild,
 " His lifeless corse, then gaz'd, and madly smil'd.
 " Straight to the rock, with glowing cheek she
 " flies:

" *He's there—he calls—my Damon calls, she cries:*
 " Then leaps at once to the abyss below,
 " And, with her life, expires her long-liv'd woe.
 " Now say, Philemon, if thou canst regret
 " The milder fate thy much-lov'd Thyrsis met?

" If fullen sorrow yet pervades thy mind ;
 " For since to die belongs to all mankind,
 " How happy they, who gently sink to rest
 " Safe from those cankers of the human breast !
 " Diseases dire, which sap life's latest springs ;
 " Corroding care, which all enjoyment stings !
 " And pallid Fear, by whose oppressive pow'r
 " We die so oft before the mortal hour ;
 " Better at once to sink within the deep,
 " And, warm in hope, resign to peaceful sleep."

As thus they talk'd, the hours unminded pass,
 The wasted taper dimly gleam'd its last ;
 The village clock, heard by the pensive ear,
 Twelve solemn sounds beat on the troubled air.
 With kind adieus up rose the social swain,
 And bent his way across the lonely plain.
 No more is seen to blaze the hamlet fire ;
 And trembling beams from distant cots expire.
 Th' approach of sleep each weary peasant finds,
 And sinks to rest, lull'd by the rocking winds.

Now howl the waves with aggravated roar,
 And lash with deeper rage th' resounding shore.
 Earth reels aghast—the frightened mountains groan,
 And Nature trembles on her secret throne.
 Of masts bereft, with sails and rigging lost,
 On angry seas the hapless Halsewell's coast.

Before the storm, on pointed rocks she drives,
 Till fix'd as fate, each gleam of hope survives
 Above the surge, high pointing to the skies,
 Th'aspiring cliffs of Purbeck's Isle arise;
 Tremendous steep! on whose destructive brow
 No flocks e'er browse, or vagrant brambles grow:
 At its dread base wide spreads a dreadful cave,
 The gradual work of many a foaming wave.
 Ulysses such the horrid cavern found;
 Where Polyphemus spread his terrors round;
 Tho' here no Cyclops rolls his ghastly eye,
 Yet monsters fell in fatal ambush lie;
 Here Famine lurks, its victim to destroy,
 And various Deaths each cruel art employ.

Now thro' the gloom, with darkness veil'd
 around,

Descends the angel of the vast profound;
 On rolling waves secure his footsteps stand,
 Resplendent squadrons wait his dread command;
 'Prepare,' he said, 'ethereal bands, prepare
 'Your shining vehicles of purest air;
 'And each sweet scent that at calm midnight hours
 'From balmy herbs exhale, and od'rous flow'rs,
 'Meet to receive those sparks of heav'nly flame,
 'That soon must quit their fair terrestrial frame;
 'Then guide their flight thro' yonder starry way,
 'And speed their entrance to the realms of day.'

Th'Immortal

Th'Immortal spake, and lo around him wait,
In dread array, the ministers of fate.

Still beats on pointed rocks the fated wreck,
And whit'ning billows wash the lonely deck ;
Yet still faint hopes remain, that morning's ray,
To gain the shore, will point some blissful way.
Fallacious trust ! for louder raves the surge,
And wat'ry mountains from the deep emerge ;
Seas, winds, and thunders, form one dread uproar ;
The Halfewell sinks—to rise again no more !
Here draw the veil, Oh Fancy, nor disclose
Thy poignant feelings at this scene of woes.
Ah would'st thou pierce where awfully sedate
The best of fathers met his dreadful fate !
Reflection stops amidst the sad career,
And fills the chasm with a falling tear.

Haste, haste, ye virgins, choicest garlands bring,
And each fair product of the genial spring,
Forth from the gelid earth, bid snow-drops creep ;
And early roses tears of fragrance weep ;
Go cull the vi'let, where, in secret shade,
The modest flow'r perfumes the vacant glade ;
And primrose faint, in lighter yellow drest ;
And scented cowslip, in a gaudier vest ;
Bid the tall cliff that overlooks the deep
Where beauty, youth, and manly virtue sleep,

Its
I 3

Its brightest robe of verdant herbage wear,
 T'adorn with decent pride their coral bier ;
 From shelly grottos penfive Naiads rise,
 While pearly caves resound their fun'ral cries ;
 In plaintive notes the youthful dead they mourn,
 And crown with sedgey wreathes their virgin urn.

But who is that on yonder strand reclin'd,
 With tresses floating loosely in the wind ;
 With garments torn, and bleeding bosom bare,
 And all the gestures of a wild despair ?
 'Tis Commerce, come to chide the cruel wave,
 And pour her sorrows o'er her PIERCE's grave.
 High o'er her head vast nodding rocks impend,
 And on her robe the dews of night descend ;
 The swelling tide furrounds her craggy seat,
 And at her feet the foaming billows beat ;
 O'er the dread flood her frantic voice expires,
 And of the deep her faithful Pierce requires ;
 In howling winds she hears his fun'ral dirge,
 And madly listens to the roaring surge ;
 The dank sea-weed she takes, and wildly cries,
 ' These Indian plumes my much-lov'd PIERCE
 supplies !'

That dusky pebble in her hand retain'd,
 She thinks a pearl from Persia's gulph obtain'd ;
 His honour'd name she calls, and all around
 That honour'd name the dreary rocks resound :

And

And when no more her frantic accents find
Sufficient strength to her distracted mind,
Stretch'd on the sand, she makes her plaintive moan,
And vents her sorrows in a hollow groan !

Ye who with anxious hearts on India's plain,
Expectant wait the British fair in vain,
Who to your ears shall the sad tale unfold ;
Or in what words the dreadful news be told ?
In vain each eve some tow'ring cliff you gain,
And view, with longing eyes, the waving main !
See ! round the Cape gay whit'ning sails appear,
And British streamers float in ambient air ;
But that brave man, whom oft your eager sight
Approaching hail'd, with ever new delight,
Appears no more ; his virtuous charge he lands
Not on Indostan, but celestial sands.
Th'Athenian Sire of old, with restless eye,
Long fought his Theseus' vessel to descry ;
And when no lucid flag he saw appear,
Obey'd the impulse of a wild despair :
Sprung from the cliff to where the torrent flow'd,
And on the waves a father's name bestow'd.

Go, wiser ye, in meek submission bend,
And own all good which Heav'n's decrees intend ;
Yet if this pow'r your rising griefs deny,
Nor faith, nor reason, argument supply,

Go search if yet in depth of Indian groves,
The virtuous Bramin, child of nature, roves ;
And, from his maxims, calmly learn to bear
The just effects of Providence's care :
T'adore in silence the all perfect plan ;
And rev'rence what thy reason cannot scan.
Know farther yet (for sure you'll there be told)
That all of human blifs lies not in gold ;
Nor yet in diamonds from Golconda's mine,
By polish'd artists taught more bright to shine :
That Nature's wants in a small compass lie ;
But still insatiate those of luxury ;
That to no spot of the wide earth confin'd,
Is found the real good of mortal kind ;
Albion, or India, both alike possess
The solid means of human happiness.
That useful science these plain rules has giv'n,
To follow Virtue, and submit to Heav'n.

END OF THE MONODY.

CHAP. VIII.

A Prudent and well-tim'd retreat may sometimes be productive of as much honour as a victory. From which conclusion, it has ever been a rule with me, that when a passionate desire of having my own way chances to clash with a similar disposition in another, I directly send out my scout, Consideration, to examine the strength, posture, &c. of the enemy; and if no probability of glory seems to offer from an obstinate engagement of the argumentative battalions (particulary should my opponent be a lady, for then the ammunition of reason, and even demonstration, would be nothing when levell'd against the artillery of frowns, pouting lips, and bright eyes darting angry fire; there would be no standing against it);

I say

I say in such cases, I directly look about me, in order to secure an honourable retreat, under cover of complaisance, before the laurels of glory are worsted by an attack. 'Tis absolutely the best method ; and I advise every politic man to do the same.

Now my Cousin Sarah inherited by nature a most unconquerable attachment to her own opinion. I can't altogether condemn it in her, as I have a good portion of the same propensity myself, derived to me, I suppose, by a sort of hereditary descent. She had fix'd her mind on making a little curvette, in order to take a view of Maiden Castle (which lies a little to the right as you go from Dorchester to Weymouth) whilst on my part, being arrived within the very verge of that attractive principle, which led me, and scores besides, to undertake the jaunt to Weymouth,

the

the bare intimation of procrastination was sufficient to upset the equilibrium of my temper.

‘Pshaw, Cousin Sarah,’ cried I peevishly, ‘how can you think of it! let it be deferred till our return.’

My Cousin had resolved it should not; and therefore, agreeable to the pacific plan suggested above, I had nothing to do but to assure her that I was entirely at her service. Off then we set for Maiden Castle; which the reader doubtless knows, is an eminence which was anciently a Roman encampment, around which prodigious mounds of earth still discover the vestiges of its fortifications. Leaving the carriage at the foot of the hill, we prepared to ascend it on foot; a vast undertaking for a person of so shattered a system of nerves as the faculty had pronounced mine to be!

‘Do

‘Do pray, dear Cousin,’ said I (half expiring with short and accelerated respiration) let us stop to take a view of the prospects : ’tis a prodigious fine country.’

I had scarcely utter’d the words, when, at half a score yards distance, pass’d a group of the happiest faces I had seen ; a rustic youth had a pipe at his lips, and preceded about a dozen young peasants of both sexes, romantically adorn’d with wreaths of flowers, moving in a kind of measured step to the sound of the flute.

‘It is Pan,’ said I, ‘with his nymphs and fatyrs.’

Instantaneously the jade Imagination caught the item ; and knowing that I always sit mounted on her back, booted and spur’d, ready to set off on any excursion

curfion ſhe may incline to carry me, away ſhe bounds, rapid as lightning, leaving Couſin Sarah to examine the remains of military antiquity at leiſure. In half a ſecond I was got up even with the muſician, notwithstanding the debility of my whole animal frame. The youth had ſtruck up the firſt notes of a tune, but could not command the reſt. I took the inſtrument out of his hand, and half playing half dancing, found myſelf with my lively companions at the entrance of a cottage, before I had given myſelf time to look about me.

‘What the deuce brought me hither!’ cried I, abating a little of my enthufiaſm.

“Nay, maſter,” replied one of the company, “you have been ſo good as to oblige us with your muſic, we entreat you will ſtay and witneſs our feſtivity.”

‘I hate

‘ I hate the unsocial soul that will pledge nobody but in his own cup of pleasure. I will more than witness your happiness, my friends,’ said I, ‘ I will share it.’

This cordial acquiescence with a simple and good natured invitation, evidently gratified the whole party.

Whence comes it that our ears are perpetually fill'd with complaints of the fallacy of pleasure, as if Nature, who has enliven'd the birds with song, the beasts with pastime, had denied her rational work the enjoyment of the short life she bestows on him? And is not that universal parent herself replete with joy and cheerfulness? her robe, her voice, her lovely face expresses it. But man! unhappy, murmuring man, perceives it not! and why? Because he nourishes a pernicious selfishness, which forbids him from

from acknowledging any thing as pleasure which is not properly and exclusively his own; had he philanthropy enough to enable him to relish that which another enjoys, he would have far less reason to complain. The man who would be happy must be social: he must invite his neighbours to banquet of his cup of bliss; and must be ready to participate of theirs in return.

At the door of the cottage an elderly peasant came forward to welcome the company: he was evidently on the verge of threescore, yet the roseate hue of health still triumph'd on his cheek, and he appear'd totally exempt from those infirmities which generally render that period of life burdensome to its possessor. The presence of a stranger of somewhat superior an appearance to the rest of the company, did not in the least discompose the sedate complacency of his air.

“ You

“You are welcome, Sir,” said he, “welcome all my friends; the remembrance of this day will cause me to go down to my grave in peace; it is the celebration of a twofold happiness; the marriage of a virtuous pair of faithful lovers, and the return of my boy, whom I had given up for lost; yes, Sir,” continued he (while joy heighten’d by religious gratitude spoke energetically in the tears which flow’d from his eyes) “this my son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found.”

This affecting sensibility had a powerful effect on mine. I took out my handkerchief, and brush’d from my cheek the effusion of a heart warmly interested in the good man’s feelings. Taking me by the hand, with a respectful, yet friendly air, he conducted me into the cottage, where I beheld one of the loveliest girls I had ever seen: her auburn hair flow’d

in

in natural ringlets on a neck which was extremely white and elegantly turn'd, while a part of the redundant locks were taught to shade a face which surely was the exact model of expression and beauty. At her side, with a countenance beaming with love and constancy, sat a youth who, I supposed, was the destined bridegroom, as I could not doubt that the beautiful female was the bride.

“ Ah!” cried the venerable old man (shedding tears of joy) “ I little thought, my children, to behold this day ; many has been the time that I have mourn'd for thee, my poor Jack ; but now, thro' the goodness of Providence, my tears of sorrow are become those of joy.”

“ And may I ask,” said I, “ by what event this good youth has been the cause of so much anxiety ?”

Without answering to my question, he took me to a little harbour adjoining the house; and leaving the lovers to the enjoyment of their own feelings, we sat down on the bench, and the old man thus began his artless relation:—

“ I must go back, Sir, to the beginning of my life, in order to let you see whence it came to pass that I entertain’d so great an affection for this lad, who, though not yet my son, I have lov’d as such. When I married my dear Jenny (who was the pride of all the village) we took a small farm of fifty pounds a year, in Suffolk. Our stock consisted of five cows; and my wife undertook to manage the dairy, while I minded the business of the field: and by our joint care, we did what is call’d pretty well; that is, we made up our rent very punctually; though to be sure, besides living out of our labours, that was as much as
we

we could do : however, we were content and happy ; and as we truly lov'd each other, our little farm appear'd in our eyes far more desirable than the great estate of our landlord, who, I am sure, never enjoy'd any thing like the happiness which he cruelly sought to rob us of. He was a sad wicked man, Sir ; for, though he had a very handsome lady to his wife, his business was to seduce all the women he happen'd to come near, if they chanced to please his eye. It happen'd, that as my dear Jenny and I were returning one evening from the field, whither having done her work within doors she came to meet me, who should we meet but the 'Squire.—“ Well, farmer,” said he, “ how do you do ? this, I suppose, is your wife,” staring boldly up under her hat. The poor girl blush'd up to her ears, not being accusom'd to be noticed by such fine gentlemen. I bow'd, and was for going

on; but he still prevented us, asking a hundred questions, which, I believe, he had no desire of being inform'd of;— however, he said at last, “ My steward tells me, you are one of the best managers of land on my estate; and, in consequence of such a recommendation, you may be assur'd, Jenkins, that you shall want no assistance in my power.” I thank'd his Honour, saying, I hop'd I should always be able to pay my rent— and so we parted.

Some days after this, he call'd in at our farm, on some pretence or other. My wife was making butter. He said a great many foolish things to her, and at last attempted to pull her on his knee: but my Jenny had a soul above suffering the greatest lord in the land to take liberties with her; she therefore hit him a box on the ear, and ran instantly out of the room. This, however, did not prevent

vent him from coming again, as often as he could make the smallest errand, by way of excuse; but whenever my wife saw him approaching, she was sure to go out of the house, or somewhere to hide herself from him. At last, to our great satisfaction, he went to London, and my dear wife and I began to live at our ease once more. She now brought me a daughter, which is the young woman you just now saw. I thought myself the happiest man in the world; every thing prosper'd that we took in hand. On a rent-day I was always the first in the hall with my money. A considerable time had pass'd without our having seen any thing of the 'Squire, though he had been several weeks in the country; and we began to think he had seen his folly.

One market-day, my dear Jenny had been to sell her butter and eggs, and

was returning home by a foot-way, when just as she had cross'd a stile, our jump'd the 'Squire from a hedge, where no doubt he had waited for her to pass by ; and, taking her in his arms, swore he would live no longer without her. It was to no purpose that the poor soul struggled and scream'd : he must have been too strong for all her resistance, had not our neighbour Palmer luckily been coming the same way, who, hearing the voice of a woman in distress, made up to the spot ; where, seeing what had happen'd, he made no more ado than with his cudgel to hit the 'Squire such a blow on his head, as brought him instantly to the ground ; then, taking Jenny by the arm, he led her off, swearing most terribly at the vileness of the 'Squire, although he was his landlord as well as mine. But honest Tom Palmer did not care a rush for that ; he would have call'd the greatest

greatest man in the kingdom villain to his face, had he been guilty of a wrong action. Well, we thought it best to say nothing of what had pass'd, and so the matter seem'd to have dropp'd quietly; only my Jenny never afterwards durst step out of the house alone; no, nor stay in it neither without company; though from that day the wicked man never seem'd desirous of speaking to her; and we began to take heart a little. But it appear'd soon after, that he had not forgot the blow he receiv'd from our kind neighbour; for the steward told him he must rise thirty pounds a year, or quit the farm. I was ready to sink when I heard of it, well knowing that it was in consequence of the assistance he had given my wife: so I immediately went to neighbour Palmer, and told him that, since it was so, I would endeavour to raise the additional sum myself; but this he would never

agree to : however, I had hopes of making it up to him some way or other.

It happen'd on a Christmas-eve, that, as I was sitting by the fire-side, my wife had just put our little girl to bed, and was sat down by my side with her knitting in her hand, when a farmer who also rented of the 'Squire, and who was thought to be a money-getting man, rapp'd at the door. After he had been seated a few minutes, he told me his errand was to borrow a sum of money, in order to purchase cattle at a fair the next day. 'Why, look you ! neighbour,' said I, 'I have that sum by me, to be sure, but it is what I have laid by for paying rent : however, if you can be certain of letting me have it again by the time, I had as soon you had it as that it should lie in the drawer ; nay, I am so glad to have it in my power to render a piece of service to a neighbour !'

hour!! He seem'd to think himself greatly obliged to me, and promised faithfully to repay it within a couple of months. I fetch'd him the money; and, after taking part of a tankard of ale, he wish'd us good night.

At length, Sir, rent-time came on. I heard nothing of my neighbour—I went to his house, he was not at home; the day drew nearer and nearer, and my heart went pit-a-pat: I went again for my money, but was told, the person I had lent it to was gone to London, and would not be back for some time. I saw I was ruined from that moment; however, I would not distress my wife by owning to her the real truth; I pretended that I had received the debt, in the mean time my heart was bleeding. I thought of selling the cows and sheep, then of borrowing money; but I could resolve on nothing—at last the rent-day came

came on. I could not go to the hall as usual; and the next day I was arrested for the money. To paint the agonies of my poor Jenny would be impossible—I will pass it over. Our worthy friend, Palmer, on this unhappy occasion, again stepp'd forth to our relief; he offered to become bound for the debt; but the steward absolutely refused to take any security—some of my cattle were disposed of; I could not prevent Mr. Palmer from selling part of his also, as well as raising some monies for my use on his own credit. At length the debt was paid; but my credit, as well as my happiness, was gone: I exerted myself, however, to obtain a discovery of the person who had so unjustly kept me out of my money; and had the good luck to get him arrested in town for the debt, which he paid immediately; at the same time confessing that he had acted all along in obedience to the 'Squire, who

who thought, by this means, to get my Jenny into his power. After this, I determined on quitting the estate, as well as that part of the kingdom; and accordingly we came into Dorsetshire, where (on a small estate of one of the best gentlemen in the country, George G——, Esq.) we lived comfortably enough, had not our sorrows been revived by hearing that our former unworthy landlord continued to take every method of injuring and oppressing our good friend, Palmer; and that it was supposed he would never leave till he had effected his ruin. This was a great grief to both my wife and me, knowing that all was on our account; we therefore endeavoured to persuade him to follow us to this part of the world; and so I believe he would, but, poor man! he died soon after, partly, as I guess, of a broken heart. He left a wife and one child, the dear boy whom I hope,
in

In a few hours, to have a lawful right of calling my son. As soon as I heard this sad news, I went and fetched them both to our dwelling; but the poor woman did not long outlive her husband. I immediately adopted the son as my own; and, Heaven knows, both my Jenny and I lov'd him as well as we did our own girl.

Here the worthy old man was interrupted in his relation by the arrival of a young gentleman, apparently of the clerical order, accompanied by a lady evidently in the bloom of nineteen or twenty; whose habit and deportment bespoke her something above the middle class of society. There was in her aspect the most ineffable sweetness; and if she was not a regular beauty, she was, at least, one of the most elegant figures imaginable. I found she was sister to the young divine: that, in order to shew their approbation

of

of the characters of this little family, he had offer'd to officiate in the performance of the sacred ceremony—the to appear as bridemaids on the same occasion: a proof of the most amiable condescension on one party; of distinguished merit on the other. All things being ready, the company proposed to proceed to the church, whither it was my destined honour to hand the agreeable Miss; whom, henceforth, I shall announce to the reader by the name of Eliza, it being an epithet more tenderly congenial to my own feelings. The villagers followed the bridal pair in procession, and returned to the cottage in the same order; where the young couple threw themselves at the feet of the happy parent, who, pressing them both in his arms, stood for some moments silent, with his eyes lifted up in a grateful ejaculation to Heaven—

“ May

“May you both,” cried I (taking a hand of each) “be as happy, my young friends, as your merit deserves!”

‘That is no circumscribed wish, Sir,’ said the divine, ‘I assure you; they merit every regard.’

“Your presence (bowing to him and his sister) is, to me, a sufficient proof of it.”

‘It is, I believe,’ he resumed, ‘one of those singular unions, in which affection is the chief consideration—so thinks my Eliza,’ smiling with a look of particular expression.

“Nay, brother”—

‘Nay, Sister, I am sure you deem the subjects of your epithalamium deserving the compliment it pays them; I will therefore

therefore, insist on your giving me the liberty of repeating your lines to the company."

As Cupid attained the depth of a wood,
Old Hymen he met in an unpleasant mood.

"Pray, whence," cry'd the urchin (and made a low bow)

"Can arise those deep frowns which cloud your
"sage brow?"

"Deem me worthy, at least, to partake of your
"grief;

"Who knows but my counsel may give you relief."

"Be gone, you fly rogue," his godship reply'd,

"The faith of your promises often I've try'd;

"With aspect so winning, and flattering smile,

"Silly pairs to my fane you delight to beguile,

"Then, triumphant, you laugh at the mischief
"you've done,

"And leave them to rail at poor Hymen alone.

"See here," he continu'd (and shook a huge
chain)

"How deform'd and defac'd — I've a right to
"complain.

"They've kick'd it, and spurn'd it, and so much
"abus'd,

"That not a soul more will consent to be noos'd."

therefore
"A truce

- ' A truce, my old dad,' cry'd the little wing'd
 boy,
 ' Believe me, I need not your rancour employ,
 ' You've been misinform'd ; then cease your grave
 ' pleading,
 ' Those quarrelsome pairs have been none of my
 ' leading ;
 ' 'Twas a daemon conceal'd in my form, which
 ' betray'd
 ' The lover capricious, and short-sighted maid ;
 ' For, trust me, wherever my presence has been,
 ' In my retinue ever was constancy seen.
 ' To such as my footsteps have follow'd aright,
 ' Thy bondage is pleasing, thy fetters are light ;
 ' But give me that same batter'd mishapen chain,
 ' Old Vulcan shall cast it, and burnish again.
 ' See yonder's a pair to thy altar I've brought,
 ' Who, by virtue and sense, with true honour are
 ' fraught ;
 ' These, destin'd to puff up thy embers of fame,
 ' Shall add a new charm to thy old fashion'd name :
 ' It is said, that the god felt his bosom relent,
 ' And Cupid along with, jogg'd off quite content.

The young peasants had formed them-
 selves into a party for a dance on the
 smooth green before the cottage, and
 Eliza,

Eliza, to avoid hearing what might have been said on the occasion, had mingled with them. Utterly forgetful of my holding a place in the valetudinarian class (a circumstance, indeed, I had not once thought of for the last three or four hours) I sprang from my seat, and offered her my hand; which being accepted, we led off the dance with great hilarity. Charm'd with the polite, sensible, and engaging conversation of my fair partner, as well as infinitely pleas'd with a certain air of vivacity which animated her deportment, I could not help expressing the happiness I should experience, in being favour'd with her hand at a ball in Weymouth; when, to my entire satisfaction, she acquainted me that her brother and self intended being at that place in a few days.

Soon after we had resum'd our seats, a servant arrived to inform Eliza and her

VOL. I. L brother,

brother, that their presence was desired by some friends at home; the latter, at taking leave, gave me an invitation to his house in so cordial a manner, that I should have found myself unable to resist the friendly solicitation, had there not been a probability of meeting both these amiable persons at Weymouth.

I found it impossible to take leave of the old man, without obtaining from him the sequel of his relation. At my request he therefore resumed his story.

‘That dear lad, Sir,’ said he, ‘the son of my true friend, was, from the time of his father’s death, a constant resident in my family; the little Fanny, who proved our only child, was not dearer either to my wife or me; and the children lov’d each other as heartily as if they had really been brother and sister. After settling the affairs of his dear father,

father, there was found nothing more than was sufficient to discharge all his debts, which I did to the last farthing; the poor lad had therefore no means of subsistence but what was in my power to afford him — however, we never wanted for any thing: all the day he would work with me in the fields, and at night there was a good plain meal ready for us; to which we all used to sit down, the happiest family surely in the world!

By the time the young folks had reach'd their fifteenth year, my wife and I thought we discover'd something more than brotherly and sisterly love between them; and as in this conjecture we were not mistaken, so nothing could have given us more real pleasure than such a conviction. Oh, dear Sir! we used to sit so delighted in observing the tender glances the young couple would

exchange with each other, when they imagined we thought nothing at all about it—it did our hearts good; but my poor Jenny did not live to see things brought about—unhappily for me, she died of an apoplexy; and had it not been for these children, I am certain I never could have survived her loss.

At length, as William was walking by my side one day in the fields, he told me of his affection for my Fanny (which, however, was nothing new to me) and desired my consent to marry her.

“And what,” said I, “William, would you do, if I was to give my consent?”

“Do, father!” replied he (for he always call’d me father) “why, I would work to keep her, and think myself the happiest lad in the world for so doing.”

“Ah,”

“Ah,” cried I (shaking my head) “that is fine talking, boy; you know it is not in my power to give you any thing to set out in life with: besides, you are both too young to engage in care. Some few years hence, when there shall be a prospect of your living, my dear Will, you shall have my consent with all my soul; for to say truth, it has always been my prayer that I might be able to call you my real son.”

He made me no answer, tho’ he sighed deeply; and afterwards I observed he fell into a deep musing: he never, however, said a word more of the matter after that day, tho’ I thought he did not look so cheerful as before, and I began to repent of what I had said, and to form a project of letting them marry, and of giving them all I had, not doubting but they would treat me kindly as long as I lived. One day William went to the

next town on business—he promised to return by supper-time; But, alas! Sir, he never returned till about six weeks ago, after being absent for above six years; during which time we gave him over for lost, never expecting to see him more in this world.

The first news we heard of my boy, Sir, after seeking him in every town and village in the country, and after putting him in the news-paper, and doing all I could think of to get tidings of him—I say, Sir, the first news I received of him was about half a year after; when there came a letter, in which he told me, that finding I was not willing he should marry his daughter till he should be rich, he was determined to become so, if it pleased Providence to bless his endeavours; for that as he lov'd her above all the world, so he thought nothing too much to suffer for her sake.

In

In short, he was gone aboard a privateer; and we heard no more of him till two years after, when he sent me home one hundred and fifty pounds, which he had gotten as his share of prize-money; and in the letter which arrived with it, he told me, that as he had now enough to make both his dear Fanny and me happy, he would come home as soon as he could get his discharge; which, he hoped, would be within a quarter of a year. Ah, dear Sir, how did my Fanny and I count the days; and often would we sit, of an evening, under the tree on yonder hill, looking at the sea as if we expected to see his ship arriving; but, alas! a quarter of a year pass'd, and another also, without our seeing any thing of poor Will. At last we were told, for a truth, that he was killed in an action; and from that moment my Fanny forbore all pleasure, all company, and vow'd she would live and die a virgin

for her dear William's sake. Ah, dear Sir, it made my old heart bleed to see her sorrow — well, I will say no more of that. Two months ago, as we were sitting, of an evening, here on this very spot (my daughter was seated exactly where you are now) we saw a young sailor making towards us — Oh, the blessed hour! it was our beloved William; he knelt down before us; he took her hand and my hand and wept on them both, but he could not speak — no more could I one syllable; as for poor Fanny, she fell into my arms as pale and as cold as death itself.'

'Enough,' interrupted I (wiping my eyes) 'my good friend, I already enter into the raptures of that extatic hour; and may its radiance still beam on your worthy bosom! may its consequences gild, with felicity, every future moment of your life!'

He

He would have thanked me, but words were denied; he grasped my hand—I perfectly understood him; and, with a heart impressed by a thousand delightful sensations, breathing the sincerest wishes of happiness to the bridal pair, I prepared to measure back my steps to the spot from whence I had set out on this romantic adventure.

CHAP. IX.

HUSH, hush, my dear reader, for pity's sake spare me; I know it already; my conscience anticipates the whole torrent of invective you are about to lavish on this very *outré* conduct of mine. Did you ever hear of such an ill-bred fellow? cries one—What a romantic chatter-brain — 'tis against all rule! He exclaimed

exclaimed that grave-looking gentleman in the full bottom'd wig; he deserves a handsome caning for such unpardonable levity. "Pray, Sir, do you never ride post on the wings of an enthusiastic fancy?" "No, Sir, never: I tread the cool walk of reason only." "Your most obedient humble servant, I am heartily sorry for you." Oh, the shocking creature! cries that pretty gentleman, with Lord Chesterfield's Letters in his hand, to leave a lady in so rude a manner — incontestible low breeding! the savage is certainly descended from the *canaille*!

Enough, enough, in all conscience, good people! I overheard the whole of your farcicalms; but what is all this (said I to myself) to what I have to expect from the offended lady herself! and here I ransack'd my memory for all the examples of unruffled stoicism I had read

or

or heard of. I am not a married man; Socrates can therefore avail me nothing. I wish'd for one moment I had actually been shackled, that I might have enjoy'd the benefit of so glorious an opportunity of rivalling the magnanimity of that hen-peck'd philosopher, under the weight of a storm which I foresaw might give me as fine an opportunity of shining, as ever madam Xantippe was pleas'd to favour him with.

Before I had settled the matter with myself, I was got up to the spot where some hours before I had left my cousin Sarah, who though she had been possess'd of a far greater share of patience than falls to her lot, it must, I allow, have been exhausted long since. The Lady was therefore not to be seen in the fortification of Maiden Castle; but instead, a servant with a led horse awaited to acquaint me that his mistress was return'd to Dorchester. “ And

"And how long has she been gone thither?"

"I believe it must be four hours, Sir."

The fellow's intelligence convey'd a tacit reproach. I had no more to do than to follow her, and make up a peace as well as I could; for which purpose I could not but wish for a grain or two of the talents of the coalition party; one might then (thought I) patch up something of the sort that would look tolerably well at a distance.

My cousin was alone in the parlour of the inn: she was sitting in an easy chair, most philosophically beating time with her fingers on the arm of it. I bow'd extremely low at my entrance, without uttering a syllable.

"Your servant, Sir," very gravely.

"Your

‘Your servant, madam,’ in the same key. A short pause ensued. Three times I clear’d my voice: it would not do.—Deuce take it, thought I, throwing myself in a chair opposite hers; then assuming an air of *nonchalance*, and summoning to the aid of my features as much self-complacency, or in other words, impudence, as I could call up, ‘I will lay a wager,’ said I, ‘that a woman of ordinary understanding would think herself justly offended by this little curvette of mine, which a lady of your character, cousin, will be much more inclined to laugh at than seriously resent.’

Luckily for me, I had made up the composition perfectly to her palate: there was in it something which gave it an agreeable flavour; for I soon perceiv’d the gravity of her countenance to relax, and she said, with a half-smile,

“If

"If I did not know cousin Joseph to be one of the most eccentric, whimsical, unaccountable beings that ever breathed on this earth, I certainly should be inclin'd to resent a measure which favours so much of incivility and disrespect: but I would no more be offended at this behaviour of yours, than I would be angry if a gay fluttering butterfly had left me, to flutter its busy wing over some distant object which allured it."

This concession was certainly of the equivocal kind; half conciliatory, half sarcastic. But I determined to do in this case as it has ever been my custom, when a nearly equal measure of sweets and sour happens to fall in my way; that is, I take the former, and leave the latter part of the composition for those splenetic souls who seem fond of selecting for themselves the bitters of life.

So taking no notice of the sarcasm contained in the latter part of my Cousin's reply (which indeed was only a verbal revenge of an actual affront) with all imaginable obsequiousness, I declared myself in perfect readiness to attend her to Weymouth.

"But we shall dine first," she replied.

'With all my heart;' for although I had banquetted most voluptuously on intellectual diet, I felt myself nowise averse to partake of entertainment more of the corporeal kind; besides, a good dinner has often the most salutary effects in soothing the unfriendly passions; many a peevish fretful being has eat and drank himself into good humour. I have known a poor hungry miser irritated by the ravenous cravings of avarice, who after enjoying the benefit of a good table, has felt the kindly workings

of sociability so far as to enable him to crack his bottle with a friend, without feeling any mental pain by so doing: *a good dinner is then a very good thing.* In the consequence of the high esteem I have for this corollary, I earnestly hope that no person will pretend to canvass the merits or demerits of this work of mine till the cloth is removed from the table. Such a wonderful effect has the favourable effluvia of a good English table, together with that subtle spirit which evaporates from a flowing bowl, or a brisk bottle of wine in purging the brain of gross humours, particularly the vile humour of criticism, that I desire this half-serious, half-comic, half-witted performance may never make its appearance but at the desert.

The landlord had assured us we should have an excellent dinner; and we prov'd our acknowledgment of his having made good the engagement, by

discharging the bill with the utmost good humour: after which the chaise was again got ready; and my cousin engaging on her part to avoid throwing me in the way of temptation, or making any stoppage on the road for the indulgence of curiosity, I ventured to promise a direct prosecution of our journey to Weymouth.

C H A P. X.

LET me see, it was precisely thirty-five minutes two seconds past eight on the same evening, that I respired the first particles of the atmosphere of Weymouth. I could not possibly have been mistaken, for, from that very instant, I felt a genial warmth pervade every pore of this shatter'd frame; nor, from that

times, have experienced the smallest
 symptom of a nervous spasm. I knew
 it would be so, notwithstanding the dis-
 mal forebodings of the doctor; not that
 so salutary and instantaneous an effect
 was to have been expected from the air
 of a fashionable bathing place, simply
 considered; but the air of a fashionable
 bathing-place, impregnated with the in-
 fluence of royal virtue, was the thing
 which effected it. Every face you met
 beam'd loyalty and honest joy; *toutes*
vivantes was the language of all around
 — *Vivant Rex & Regina!* shouted a party
 of sailors, who pass'd by our carriage.
 The very expression contains a secret
 irresistible energy, which, when con-
 veyed through the articular organs, and
 stealing thence through the fine pas-
 sages which lead to the heart, will (pro-
 vided the heart is worth a pin) cause it
 to rebound; and before one is aware,
 the words *Vivant Rex & Regina!* by a
 kind

kind of impulsive motion, quiver on the tongue.

It was a fortunate circumstance that the vivacity of my cousin's ideas was somewhat less than my own, or we should have found ourselves in a very disagreeable dilemma; for in the ardour with which I had adapted the project of a trip to Weymouth, it never once occurred to me that a convenient lodging should be previously secured. My cousin's prudent foresight had seen that necessity, and provided accordingly, or it is probable we should have been compell'd to take up our abode amidst the perpetual bustle of an inn or hotel. Tho', from a liberal portion of animal spirits which I inherit from bounteous Nature, I am enabled to relish the hurry of life with as high a zest as most persons, yet it is the consciousness of possessing a privilege of retiring to quiet

and retirement, that gives all the poignancy — the lustre of a palace would cease to charm even the most ambitious and vainglorious, where there is no liberty left of varying the scene.

Thought so rapidly succeeds to thought, and one reflection so naturally produces another, that I can't, for one moment, wonder at the multiplicity of books which have filled the world: nay, the real point of wonder is, that books are not even more numerous than men, since the fecundity of a cogitating brain is even beyond the extent of imagination. I think I was remarking on the insipidity of the most superb enjoyments, if the idea of confinement was annexed to them. I had hardly time to express the thought, when I felt myself hurried into a reflection on the engaging plan adopted by our august Sovereign; who, retiring from the splendours of a court, amiably

amiably condescends to the enjoyment of private ease and rural pleasures; or, in other words, to quit for a while the character of Majesty, to taste the happiness of a man: But I check myself in the expression—Quit, did I say? No, 'tis to dignify and adorn it—to reflect a lustre on royalty, which the superiority of a diadem alone cannot bestow. It is here I contemplate the best of Princes laying aside the weight of a crown to repose on the downy pillow of loyalty, to rest embosom'd in a people's love. Oh, for an expression more energetic! more descriptive of the delightful union which subsists between our beloved Sovereign and his adoring subjects! Search into the records of time—look around the whole terraqueous globe, and produce, if you can, one such glorious instance as our favour'd island at this time affords. Let the proud rulers of the earth entomb themselves within the

victims

M 3

guarded

guarded walls of their palaces; let eastern
 princes constitute an awful state, by
 gleaming sabres and attendant guards.
 Where are the guards of our royal
 George's sacred person? See them in
 every part of his wide dominions; in
 the crowded city; in the solitary ham-
 let — a faithful nation forms his guards.
 What are the splendours of a court?
 the pomp of crowded levees? 'Tis here
 in rational enjoyment — in beneficence
 and suavity of manners; in the bright
 display of every virtue that the royal fa-
 mily of England truly keep their court.
 'Tis here, in short, that the veiling the
 lustre of a diadem serves but more dis-
 tinctly to display its glory; and the
 middle and lower orders of society,
 who have long revered the character
 of their Monarchs on the throne, are,
 by an amiable condescension, enabled
 more familiarly to contemplate and ad-
 mire the bright assemblage of every mo-
 bilisiv + M ral

ral perfection which beath conspicu-
ously in the royal family. And here let me, for a moment, take
a comparative view of the condition of
royalty in a neighbouring kingdom.
How heavy sits that crown which des-
potism places on the brow! how thorny
is become the pillow of majesty! Oh,
royal Louis! humanity inclines to drop
a tear on the anxieties which disturb thy
breast; while, as a free-born Briton, I
cannot but applaud the struggles of a
people for the natural rights of man-
kind; and, with unbounded philan-
thropy, wish every son and daughter of
Adam possessors of the glorious privi-
leges which I, in common with my fel-
low Englishmen, enjoy, by virtue of
an enviable constitution, guarded by the
auspices of a patriot king! The blissful
period is approaching, when the rays of
intellectual light, diffusing wide o'er ci-
vilized

vilized mankind, will inspire with their radiance the generous thirst of civil liberty : that period, when thrones established on the sublime principles of christian equity, princes shall become the shepherds, not the arbitrary rulers of their people. Be you, Oh Prince ! that shepherd ; and if, to the liberal maxims, you derive from letters a living ensample, still be wanting, Oh, hither turn your eyes ! you need no more than turn them to this happy isle.

CHAP. XI.

THE lovers of rural pleasures have, from time immemorial, concurr'd in celebrating the beauties of Aurora ; and, however such a rustic taste may now be deemed in the *beau monde*, I shall not scruple to profess myself romantic enough to be charm'd with it.

A fine

A fine morning opening on the verdant lawns and leafy shades of an inland prospect is beautiful — on the coast it is sublime. Heavens! how was my whole soul elevated by a walk on the pier this morning, at the hour of five; the sun, newly risen in a clear serene sky, darted its golden beams on the sides of the adjacent rocks; while the tide, flowing with a solemn and majestic pace, reflected the lucid rays in every swelling wave, by the undulating motion of the fluid, the splendours of the solar orb were refracted into innumerable glistening beams, and the whole watery world, as far as the visual powers could command, appeared a lucid plain, “powder’d with stars.” Man was certainly form’d for the enjoyment of elegant and refined pleasures; why else those various channels with which we are endow’d by nature for their conveyance to the soul? In no instances are

we more sensible of her liberality in that respect, than in those delightful sensations which, by no means of the eye, are excited in the mind. Those delicate perceptions which we have of the beautiful and sublime, form a source of the most refined and exalted pleasures. Objects of this description she presents to our view in every part of her works; the agreeable conformity of which, to the sensations of the human soul (however proud philosophy has sometimes attempted to explode the notion) confirms the hypothesis, that the world was made for man. In the works of art, some degree of refinement, some scientific knowledge is requisite for the forming an exact taste; but Nature—lovely Nature requires not the aid of criticism for the relishing her various beauties—the unletter'd rustic feels their power with as exalted a perception as the man of erudition. Let us no longer
presume

presume to arraign the distributions of Providence, as if the higher orders of society had been suffered to monopolize the whole of pleasure : no, with indulgent care there are enjoyments reserved for even the meanest of the sons of Indigence; and these perhaps of the purest and most exalted kind.

After my eyes had dwelt, for some time, on the magnificent scene I have so feebly attempted to describe, I discovered a still farther augmentation of its grandeur, by the appearance of the shipping in the harbour and Portland Road. If in the former scene all was silent majesty, it was here all bustle and activity; the sailors busily employed on their respective decks, with the din of sea-terms echoing from the several ships (which those who have visited our maritime towns, will apprehend much better than I can describe) gave a briskness

to

to

to my meditations, not less pleasing than the seriousness which had tructured them before. Here, in an epitomized idea, I saw the commercial genius of my countrymen, the arts of peace promoted by her means, and the distant nations of the earth uniting in bonds of probity; while, on the other hand, I saw the Genius herself supported by the nautical skill and bravery of our honest tars, and owning her present glorious reign to the laborious studies, the grand discoveries of the scientific mind. In short, I beheld the different orders of society, beautifully dependant on each other, like innumerable links of one vast chain.

While I was indulging this train of reflection, the moments insensibly glided along, till the hour of bathing approached. Now it was that sprightly youth, as well as emaciated age, quitted the

the downy pillow to inhale the refreshing breezes of the sea, or acquire renew'd vigour by immersion in the briny wave, till by degrees the smooth strand exhibited one charming glow of elegance and beauty. I quitted the pier, which had hitherto been the limits of my perambulation, to join the lively group that was now presented to my view, determined, as was my usual method, to join in conversation with the first human being whom I should find similarly disposed. A tall genteel female was walking alone a few paces before me: I did not indeed see her face; but that was of no consequence, as fancy had already drawn the portrait: I have the picture now before my eyes; 'twas highly finish'd; there was the glow of health, the vivacity of youth, the carnation of the rose, the tincture of the lily; together with sparkling eyes—such a pair of eyes!—

I as-

I assure you, Madam, it was a finish'd piece. "Forbid it, ye powers!" said I to myself, "that this lovely creature should wander here *a solitaire*, destitute of a friendly arm to lean on, or some social being with whom she might exchange, if but the common forms of salutation."

That moment I felt my steps impell'd with alacrity towards the lady before me: I was got up in a line with her: but, Oh, ye powers! what was my disappointment when, instead of beholding a young and handsome creature, one at least in whom the charm of novelty might have compensated for the want of exterior attractions, I discover'd my ideal Venus to be none other than my venerable cousin Sarah! We both broke silence at the same instant—

• Cousin

"Cousin Sarah, is it you?"

"Cousin Joseph, is it you?"

was the interrogatory utter'd by both at the same moment.

'I protest,' resum'd I, 'I thought you had still been indulging in the arms of Morpheus.'

"And I, for my part, cousin Joseph, concluded you had been still in bed.— As to whose arms——!"

'Hush, hush!' cried I (looking around me with a terrified aspect) 'why, cousin Sarah, you do not conceive the injury you might have done me by that ill-founded sarcasm: I protest I am all over of a trembling.'

"Courage,

"Courage," replied she, laughing heartily, "there is no mischief done; no dulcinea at hand."



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

